

P O E M S,

BY THE LATE

Rev. ANDREW GREENFIELD, M. A. *K*

RECTOR OF MOIRA IN IRELAND.

brother of Professor Greenfield of Edinb.

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RECTOR OF HOLY TRINITY, LONDON.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Author of the following POEMS received a very liberal education at the Univerfites of Glaſgow, Edinburgh, and Oxford. At Oxford he entered into orders in the Church of England, and was ſome time afterwards preſented by Dr Ofwald, the late Biſhop of Raphoe, to a ſmall benefice in Ireland. That worthy Prelate honoured him with his patronage and friendship. As ſoon as an opportunity occurred, he preſented him to a better benefice; and if he had not died ſeveral years before Mr Greenfield, there was every reaſon to expect that he would have promoted him to a very comfortable ſitua-

tion. The Author also had some other most respectable friends, from whose interest he might have conceived hopes of preferment; but he did not live to enjoy any thing more than a very moderate income. He died suddenly in May 1788, in the 39th year of his age, and left a widow and family.

THE Poems which are now presented to the Public, were written either in the course of his education, or afterwards as a relaxation from the severer studies in which his taste or his profession engaged him. From the time, indeed, of his entering on his clerical office, he appears to have devoted himself almost entirely to his professional duties. Of the zeal and activity with which he discharged these, the number of Sermons which he has left behind him in manuscript, afford the most

most complete evidence; and which, although not fit for the public eye, will remain with his friends as a pleasing memorial of his piety and worth. They were evidently intended for the use only of his own congregation, and sufficiently shew that the attainment of literary distinction was a very secondary object of his ambition.

IT is with reluctance that the Editor now commits to the Press the productions of the Author's earlier years, and that he consents to leave his character to be estimated by the imperfect testimony which they can afford of the real extent and capacity of his mind. The reasons, however, which determine the present publication, were too strong for him to resist; and while he indulges the hope that the Friends of the Author will receive it with pleasure,

pleasure, as a memorial of one whom they respected and loved, he trusts that the Public will not refuse to receive favourably the remains of a man, who, if Providence had granted him a longer life, might have distinguished himself by more important exertions.

CON-

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He also wrote.

*Verses occasioned by the death of Dr Gregory late
Professor of Physic in the University of Edinburgh
By A. Greenfield Ball. Coll. Oxon.
in Scots Mag. Feby 1773 p 91.*

FATAL LOVE:

A N

E L E G Y.

P R E F A C E.

THE Hint of the following Poem is taken from a tragical Event which happened several years ago in England.

A Gentleman of amiable qualities and ample fortune paid his addresses to a Lady whose father was his distant relation, and his guardian. The father, prompted perhaps by suspicions that the World might ascribe to his artifice what was the effect of tender attachment in his Ward, discountenanced a match so flattering to his family.—He was little aware of the height to which the Passion of the young Lovers had risen. To prevent its effects, he cut off all means of interview, and treated his daughter with a rigour that bordered on brutality.—This was the source of all the misfortunes which followed.

It was thought necessary to premise these leading circumstances of the Story; because the starts of passion in the Poem rendered it impossible, as well as improper, to study a perspicuous and regular narration.—If some of the sentiments appear favourable to Suicide, it is hoped that they will be solely imputed to the distracted situation of the person who utters them. Nothing could be farther from the Author's intention, than to recommend a Crime proscribed by Religion, and pernicious to Society. He rather fancied that the picture here delineated would increase our natural horror of the Guilt, and also show the Parent the effects of unrelenting obstinacy in an article of high importance to his Childrens happiness.

FATAL LOVE.

DEEP in the bosom of the mantling
shade,
Silence afar extends her lonely rule,
Save where the west wind whispers thro' the
glade,
And fans with downy wing the slumbering
pool;
Save where, responsive to the ringdove's note,
The bower of Echo murmurs from the grove,
And the hoarse raven pours his boding throat,
As through the gloom his rustling pinions
rove.

Yon towering cliffs the clustering woods em-
brown,

In dizzy sport far nodding o'er the steep,
Whose shaggy side the torrents thundering
down,

Swell'd by the storm of winter, rudely sweep.

But now the stream in softer play distills,
And lingering in the vernal valley strays ;
While the moon's radiance, from the silver'd
hills,

The glimmering azure, as it glides, betrays.

Loft in the windings of the darksome grove,
A mouldering abbey spreads its Gothic
gloom ;

Where, shrinking from the genial warmth of
Love,

The Flow'r of Beauty wasted once her bloom ;

Where, humbly prostrate, at the midnight
knell,

The meek-ey'd Daughter of Repentance
figh'd ;

But

But ah! still nerveless in the lonely cell,
Fair Virtue droop'd, and all her vigour died.

The midnight-knell has long forgot to sound,
The meek-ey'd Virgin here no longer sighs,
The trembling turrets ivy creeps around,
And half the pile an awful ruin lies.

When Eve's dun robe o'erspreads the dewy
lawn,
Here dismal shrieks the shepherd's ear assail,
And oft he spies, before the purple dawn,
The grizzly spectre glide athwart the vale.

Here Sorrow loves to breathe the faltering
sigh,
And fondly prompt the silver drops to flow,
And oft with heaving breast and downcast eye
Hangs o'er the soothing, melting tale of woe.

Ha! what art thou, whose wild disorder'd mien
The deep-felt anguish of thy soul reveals?
Whose step now hurries o'er the checquer'd
green,

Now by the mazy rill bewilder'd steals?

Loose

Loose wave thy careless ringlets to the gale;
From thy strain'd eye-balls sparkling frenzy
streams;
Grief quivers on thy lip, so ghastly pale;
Beneath thy hand the half-drawn dagger
gleams.

Did Fortune raise thee on her giddy wheel,
To dash thee down, the victim of Despair?
Does thy torn heart the keen affliction feel,
When the lov'd Maid is faithless as she's
fair?

Or dost thou from that hapless mansion stray,
Sweet youth, so worthy of a better fate,
Where grinning Madness holds her horrid
fway,
And Nature mourns the ruins of her state?

The tear hangs trembling on his faded cheek,
Where late the rose her mildest blossom shed;
From his big heart these mutter'd accents
break,
His roving path as wayward Fancy led.

“ Why

" Why sleeps the idle thunder in the sky?
 A deed so black no lingering doom requires;
 Will no kind lightning, red with vengeance,
 fly,
 To blast the wretch with all its pointed fires?
 How fair she bloom'd!—Thou wast the sweet-
 est Flower
 That Paradise in all its pride could show.
 Why did the ruffian-storm its fury pour?
 Ah! soon it laid thy blighted beauties low.

Sweeter thy voice than flows the tender lay
 Of warbling Philomel from yonder tree.
 How in thine eyes would melting fondness
 play?
 And oh! thy bosom panted but for me.

Ye secret wilds! ye conscious bow'rs of Love!
 That spread with kindly gloom your shelter-
 ing arms;
 How with my Fairest would I fondly rove,
 And hang enraptur'd o'er her blushing
 charms.

Adieu!

Adieu! adieu! ye scenes of vanish'd joys,
 Adieu! ye secret wilds, and conscious grove,
 No more ye echo lost Ianthe's voice;
 No more ye witness her endearing love.

Pride of yon radiant host, whose wish'd re-
 turn

Once beam'd the signal of restor'd delight,
 When flaming on the dusky brow of morn,
 Or first, to gild the closing shades of night;

Why throws thy orb a scornful smile a-
 round,
 To mock the sorrows of my throbbing breast?
 Ah! now in darkness be thy lustre drown'd,
 And the gay vault in funeral horror drest!—

Ye Fair who flutter in your rosy prime,
 And plume your hopes with years of ripen-
 ing joy,
 Nor think the slowly-withering breath of
 Time,
 Or sudden blasts, will e'er your bliss destroy,

See

See where that taper glimmers through the
wild,

And scatters thinly round its feeble ray ;
On young Ianthe blooming Pleasure smil'd ;
But, oh ! her smiles were only to betray. —

Hark ! Death is busy. — Why that shriek so
loud ?

What piteous groans are these that pierce
mine ears ?

Oh ! let me run to kiss thy bloody shroud,
And in thy lovely bosom pour my tears.

Why heaves the dagger in a breast so fair ?
Form'd for delight, why is it doom'd to bleed ?
Ah ! could Ianthe point its terrors there ?
And could a father force the desperate deed ?

He ! he whose partial smile and cheering
love

A mother's long-lost fondness ill supplied, —
He to the grave his hapless darling drove,
To shun his rigour, and her griefs to hide !

B

And

And did no pity prompt thy barbarous hand,
 To wipe the tear thy fury urg'd to flow?
 O! deaf to powerful Nature's high command,
 Why did it stay to check the rising blow?

The rock that frowns o'er Norway's foamy
 beach
 Still shields the native from the piercing storm;
 No monster where her frozen mountains reach
 But feels kind instinct warm his savage form.

And yet my fields with golden plenty wave;
 Wide range my flocks the spotted hills among;
 My verdant meads the copious fountains lave;
 My woodlands echo to the warbled song.

And yet, nor Envy pining at my lot,
 Nor scowling Malice, dare to blast my fame;
 No vulgar taints my long-drawn lineage blot,
 Nor liberal Science blush'd to hear my name.

And she!—oh! torture to recall the hours
 With transport fraught, and wing'd with soft
 delight —

The

The envious sun his doubling splendour pours,
To plunge it deeper in eternal night.

What demon stirs the feeble nerves of age,
When youth and love to mutual bliss conspire,

To spurn the altar with unhallowed rage,
And quench with filial blood the sacred fire?

In silent grief she pin'd away forlorn,
Pale as the lily on the blasted heath,
From love, from hope, and flattering freedom torn,

She blest'd the tyrant in the pangs of death.

And, Oh ! had Fate more piercing shafts in store !

My smiling infant too, with sudden cries,
Clung to her snowy bosom, smear'd with gore,

Shar'd her last kiss, and drank her dying sighs.

He wonder'd how so cold and wan she lay;
 How her sunk eye no sparkling fondness fir'd;
 How quick the purple current flow'd away,
 And, drooping in her circling arms, expir'd.

'Tis done.—When Hope, fair harbinger of
 bliss,

Spreads her light pinions to the desert air,
 Why should I fear to tempt the dark abyss,
 Why not despise irresolute despair?

When lingering poison saps the languid frame,
 And light beams hateful to the sickening eye,
 That dastard's cheek be ting'd with ardent
 shame,

Who lives to pine, and meanly shrinks to die.

And who was * she that urg'd her wavering
 Lord

To brave the verge of Fate with manly speed?

* Præclarum quidem illud Arriæ, ferrum stringere, perforare pectus, extrahere pugionem, porrigere marito, addere vocem immortalem, ac pene divinam, "Pæte non dolet."—

PLIN. lib. 3. epist. 16.

Warm from her breast she gave the streaming
 sword,
 And taught the wondering Roman how to
 bleed.

Chain'd to the earth to crawl with ceaseless
 pain,
 And doom'd to drag a growing weight of
 woe,
 Dissolv'd in languor shall my vigour wane,
 Nor burst its fetters with a dauntless blow ?

O Thou whose thunder shakes the farthest
 pole,
 Whose mercy shines o'er all thy works su-
 preme,
 Whose secret voice with terror strikes the soul,
 Or gives of future joy a transient gleam ;

Before thy throne I bend with trembling awe,
 Prone to thy scourge, thy judgements I adore ;
 From Thee my being and my bliss I draw,
 To Thee my fluttering spirit pants to soar.

If

If haply Error spreads her misty veil,
 And leads me through a dreary devious wild;
 Where, worn with pain my sinking footsteps
 fail,

Deep into Ruin's slippery path beguil'd ;

Let smiling Hope yet pierce the boundless
 gloom,

That round the waste despondent horror
 sheds ;

Or may thy bounty grant beyond the tomb,
 The sacred peace thy justice here forbids !

Ianthe gone, what charms could now appear,
 To sooth my soul to bear her frail abode ?

Some ray from Heaven the clouded prospect
 cheer,

And to a wanderer mark the brightening road !

Peace to the cow'rd who rashly dares to blame

A bold defiance of extreme despair,

Who loves to dart the damnatory flame,

And deal his judgements with presumptuous
 care ;

Know

Know there are ills, thou wantest sense to feel,
That blunt the pangs dissolving Nature fears,
That arm with deadly wrath the welcome
steel,
And for the wretch would prompt an angel's
tears.

O'er the blue bosom of the dimpling tide,
With soft delusion sigh'd the summer gale,
Securely through the yielding deep I glide,
Love guides the helm, and Fortune swells the
fail.

But oh ! what force can brave the boisterous
flky,
What stem the fury of the roaring wave,
When billowy mountains whirl the bark on
high,
And parting seas disclose a yawning grave ?

'Reft of each friendly prop, I fall forlorn,
For me soft Pity scarcely drops a tear ;
No parent's cheek with trickling grief is worn,
No comfort bends in anguish o'er my bier.

And

And she! the joy of my distracted heart!
Life of my life! my fairest, fondest bride!
Oh! Heaven, in mercy, smite me with the dart,
That in my darling's bleeding breast was
dye'd.

And thou my babe, and thou art fink to rest,
Stript of thy honours like the leafless oak,
That rears its youthful head to meet the blast,
And shrinks unknown beneath the cruel
stroke.

Then glut thee, monster, with the tempting
spoil,
The sacred trust my credulous fire bestow'd,
And wander joyless o'er the blushing soil,
Thy crimes *now* sprinkle with its master's
blood.

Hark!—I am call'd—it wakes the troubled
air,
That hollow murmur chides my long delay;
Why waves that bloody hand?—I come, my
fair.—

Again it waves—and beckons me away.

'Tis

'Tis she—'tis she—how pale that angel face!
Guide me, kind spirit, to the spheres above.
Yet stay—I die—nor fly my fond embrace,
What's heaven to me—unwelcom'd by my
Love?

C

THE

A R G U M E N T

Progress of Liberty: A Poem. The progress of liberty is the progress of the human mind. It is the progress of the human mind that has made the world what it is today. It is the progress of the human mind that has made the world what it is today. It is the progress of the human mind that has made the world what it is today.

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A P O E M.

A R G U M E N T.

Prevalence of Despotism, v. 9.—Description of the supposed primitive state of Society, the characters of which were simplicity of manners and equality of condition, 15.—The harmony of this state broken by the lust of power, and a spirit of selfishness, 35.—Effects of ambition and arbitrary sway, 47.—The spirit of the people not only subdued by violence, but enslaved by vanity, 59.—Liberty introduced and personified, 65.—Her general complaint, that freedom is destroyed by foreign invasion, 83.—or by intestine corruption, 93.—Her residence in rude societies, many tribes of which retain their independence, 105.—Her aversion to the effeminate nations of the East, 119.—particularly Egypt, which has always been the scene of slavery, 123.—Her love of Greece, and her influence among its independent states, 127.—The Peloponnesian war and Persian bribery ruin the liberty of Greece, 151.—Her arrival at Rome, 155.—Spirit of Roman liberty, 165.—Policy and power of Rome under its influence, 173.—Decline of her liberty, dated from the dictatorship of Sylla, 195.—The ruin completed by Augustus, 203.—Wild spirit of the feudal times, 211.—Causes of its decline—Permanent possession—Progress of the Arts—Revival of the Civil Law—and of Literature.—Introduction of foreign luxuries, 227.—Consequent slavery of the greater part of Europe, 233.—Liberty and happiness of Britain.

The PROGRESS of LIBERTY.

ADIEU, ye flowery banks, where late I
 stray'd,
 And woo'd the muses of the sylvan shade;
 The reed no longer wakes the vocal grove,
 Nor Echo murmurs broken tales of love:
 A louder note heroic songs require, 5
 The Spartan clarion, and the Theban lyre;
 A bolder flight the patriot's praises claim,
 A flight unbounded through the fields of
 fame.

Far as the muse can range, how wide the
 space
 Where prostrate Nature tamely brooks dis-
 grace, 10

Prevalence of despotism, v. 9.

Bends

Bends to despotic pride the trembling knee,
And, groveling, licks the dust, nor dares be
free.

Fear chills the ardent wish, the generous care,
And drowns each languid sense in deep de-
spair.

Degenerate man ! to fame, to freedom lost, 15
Thy early birth-right, and thy native boast !
For once the days arose, or bards have feign'd,
When law was reason, and Astræa reign'd.
Sweet were the charms that grac'd the native
shade,

And round the heart with filial rapture
play'd. 20

Pleas'd with his rusby bow'r and simple fare,
Unwasted by disease, unvex'd by care,
Man, innocent and chearful, roam'd at will,
Pursued his prey, or slumber'd on the hill.
With no fierce wars the loaded forest lowr'd, 25
The stream to all its passing tribute pour'd ;

Description of the supposed primitive state of society, the
characters of which were simplicity of manners and equality
of condition, 15.

The

The smile of beauty, and the sweets of love,
 The tender sigh, the heartfelt passion move;
 And o'er the grave, where drooping age de-
 scends,

The artless son with trick'ling sorrow bends. 30
 No tinsel honours wealth or birth entail;
 Superior virtue marks th' impartial scale;
 And no ambition warms the generous blood,
 But to be firmly just, and greatly good.

But soon, too soon, the blissful period
 pass'd; 35
 Vice knew no bound, nor folly, where to rest.
 Man drives precipitate where passions urge,
 The sport of whirlwinds and the boiling surge;
 No more his rushy bower and native shade
 Please the rude tenant of the humble glade; 40
 He grasps the rock where high ambition calls;
 The yielding rock with doubling fury falls.
 The heart expanded late with social joy,
 Shrinks into self,—emerging to destroy,

The harmony of this state broken by the lust of power,
 and a spirit of selfishness, 35.

And

And marks exulting for the fields of spoil 45
 The scene of common sports and friendly
 toil.

And now insatiate thirst of sole command
 Revel'd in blood, and drench'd the lawless
 land;
 Fame crown'd the robber with unfading bays,
 And skill to murder was the hero's praise. 50
 Now man to man became a barbarous prey,
 And ages, scar'd with slaughter, roll'd away.
 What ills ensued!—the tyrant's cruel reign;
 The rack and dungeon; the detested train
 Of secret spies; th' exactor's iron hand; 55
 A lawless army, and a plunder'd land.
 What causes now a nation's lot decide!
 The Monarch's avarice, and the Monarch's
 pride.

Nor force alone the supple herd retains,
 They barter liberty for splendid chains. 60

Effects of ambition and arbitrary sway, 47.

The spirit of the people not only subdued by violence, but
 enslaved by vanity. 59.

Vain

They boast their Tyrant's glories, as their own;
His vast dominions, and his guarded throne;
His matchless armies, his exhaustless store,
And each new conquest that enslaves them
more.

Hark ! the loud trumpet rolls its thunders
round, 65
The pealing hills repeat the sprightly sound;
A blaze of splendour breaks the ambient
gloom,
And waving groves with sudden verdure
bloom;
In towering pride stands LIBERTY reveal'd,
And round her play the lightnings of her
shield. 70

Hail ! fairest daughter of the smiling skies,
Thou Queen of Men, would men the bless-
ing prize !
Thy piercing eyes resistless radiance dart,
And touch to instant flame the patriot's heart.

Liberty introduced and personified, 65.

D

High

High o'er thy brow the haughty laurel shines, 75
And round its verge the spreading olive
twines.

Loose wantons in the breeze thy crimson robe,
While poiz'd in air, thou viewest the subject
globe ;

And sighs and smiles the varying foul betray,
Swift as the cloud pursues the beams of
day. 80

Thrice on her shield she strikes her found-
ing spear,

While thus her accents rouse the general ear.

“ Shall then triumphant Slavery proudly dare
To clank her chains, and spread her circling
snare ?

Shall wild Ambition boast the lawless deed, 85
And smiling point where gasping heroes
bleed ?

Shall they, whose little souls no virtue warms,
No vengeance rouses, and no glory charms,

Her general complaint, that freedom is destroyed by fo-
reign invasion, 83.

Spread

Spread the broad canvas to the swelling gale,
 And Freedom's shores in pouring swarms as-
 fail? 90

Ah! well they know, my dauntless sons are
 few,

And crowds can overpow'r, tho' not subdued.

Or, shall those sons who once rever'd my
 name,

Brand *their own* foreheads with eternal shame?

When Virtue droops, the nerves of Justice
 fade, 95

And shrink before Sedition's lifted blade;

When Fancy dreams, the Patriot draws the steel,

To conquer wants his Sire had blush'd to feel;

When pow'r and glory crowd the *rich* man's
 train,

And honour calls and merit sues in vain; 100

Ah! what can then restore the rushing state,

Self-wounded, trembling on the verge of fate?

Down the rough steep the ponderous ruin flies,

And Public Love with trampled Freedom dies.

Or by intestine corruption, 93.

D 2

Despis'd

Despis'd, forlorn, from realm to realm I
 roam, 105
 And court with vain attempt a constant home.
 Oft with the savage fiercely free I dwell,
 And scorn the palace for the desert cell.
 He loves to trace, rejoicing, where I lead,
 The frozen mountain, or the fultry mead; 110
 The meanest of the wild and wandering clan
 Looks down on *slaves*—He feels himself a *man*.
 Blind to the dazzling pomp of false renown,
 He scorns the glitter of a despot's crown:
 With me he strays the boundless woods
 along, 115
 And to their echoes pours the martial song;
 Or, careless on the green savannah laid,
 Chants the sweet beauties of the peerless maid.

Far from those climes I wing my rapid way,
 Where nerveless nature blooms profusely gay, 120
 Where Phœbus slow to mount the rosy steep,
 Flames o'er the murmurs of the orient deep.

Her residence in rude societies, many tribes of which retain their independence, 105.

Her aversion to the effeminate nations of the East, 119.

Indignant,

Indignant, from those fertile plains I fly,
Whose towering domes usurp the frighted sky,
Their lofty Lord *, whose bending people
saw 125
Four sceptred slaves in purple harness draw.

Hail happy region ! happy now no more,
Where Adria's billows beat the founding
shore :
There every grace and every virtue glow'd ;
I hung enraptur'd o'er my blest abode. 130
Hymettus lur'd me to his flowery hills ;
Eurotas hail'd me with his vocal rills,
And breath'd by me a louder, loftier strain
Join'd the soft chorus of Arcadia's plain.

I gave the native mountain pow'r to charm, 135
And with firm valour brac'd its warrior's
arm.

Particularly Egypt, which has always been the scene of slavery, 123.

Her love of Greece, and her influence among its independent states, 127.

* Sesostris.

I fir'd the pride and faviour of the state *,
 To spurn his throne, and rush to welcome fate.
 Swift through the clustering tribes the
 spreading flame
 Enkindled public love and rival fame. 140

What though the storm of bursting thun-
 der low'r,
 Tho' Persia now her whelming ocean pour,
 Still the compacted bulwark, strong to save,
 Braves the red storm, and checks the whelm-
 ing wave.
 Rocks of Thermopylæ!—for ye can tell 145
 How my brave Spartans for their country
 fell;—
 Ye shores of Salamis, with glory crown'd!
 Ye plains of Marathon, my hallow'd ground!
 Ye saw, when I my darling sons inspir'd,
 To more than mortal deeds their bosoms fir'd. 150

But jealous Discord burst the social band;
 Bellona, hovering, waves her fiery brand;

The Peloponnesian war and Persian bribery ruin the liberty
 of Greece, 151.

* Codrus.

Barbaric

Barbaric gold the treacherous bosom charms,
And Persia conquers Greece by Grecian
arms.

Where now the wonders of thy fam'd do-
mains? 155

The Muse thy groves, and Plenty flies thy
plains.

Thy marbles levell'd with the blushing
ground;

Deep in thy blood the smoking ruins
drown'd.

O'er thy bleak mountains howling monsters
throng,

And the lone Pilgrim sadly pores along. 160

And now, where Tiber winds his rapid
flood,

I wav'd my pinions crimson'd o'er with
blood;

My spirit breathing o'er his fervent host,

The private wish in patriot zeal was lost.

Her arrival at Rome, 161.

Why

Why streams the rising ax from yonder
 blow, 165
 The judge a father, and a son the foe * ?
 Why heaves the dagger in a breast so fair ?
 Ah! could a † father plunge its terrors there ?
 The silent crowd the striking lesson saw;
 All check'd the tear, and all ador'd the law: 170
 The common parent Nature's voice repress,
 Strung every nerve, and glow'd in every breast.

When rous'd by danger to the doubtful
 field,
 And tottering Rome implor'd the saving
 shield,
 The breath of Faction sunk in public wrongs, 175
 And drooping Discord hush'd her hundred
 tongues.

When pressing on to Fame's exalted shrine,
 The dazzling beams of conquest round them
 shine ;

Spirit of Roman liberty, 165.

Policy and power of Rome under its influence, 173.

* Brutus.

† Virginius.

Still

Still with a modest wreath of bays repaid,
 They shun the glare, and court the milder
 shade. 180

Long my heroic bands, humanely brave,
 Reign but to bless, and conquer but to save:
 My towering eagles waft their succour wide,
 And crush'd oppression was their generous
 pride.
 Aloft, where glory calls, they point their
 course, 185
 And lingering vengeance bursts with ga-
 ther'd force.

But, ah ! their sway while earth's last li-
 mits feel,
 Gold saps the fabric rear'd by Roman steel,
 And, sad reverse ! my legions now become
 The slaves of Sylla, not the sons of Rome. 190
 The stream that rush'd resistless to the poles,
 In giddy whirlpools broke, recoiling rolls,

Decline of her liberty, dated from the dictatorship of Syl-
 la, 187.

E

And

And swell'd by foreign tides and streams of
blood,

Whelms the proud Forum in the raging flood.

Ah! sunk, enthrall'd, thy haughty spirit
broke,

195

Tame to the last, and patient of the yoke,

To seize thy rights shall Brutus vainly call?

To shun thy fate shall free-born Cato fall?

And * he, whose guardian lightnings round
thee play'd,

To close thy shame, in bloody dust be laid? 200

These died the last of Romans.—Now no
more

My spirit lingers on the Latian shore.

Degenerate Rome now bears a master's voice;

In base Octavius' bonds her bards rejoice;

And long imperial madness shakes her hills, 205

And Gothic Rage her tottering structures fills,

Its ruin completed by Augustus, 201.

* Cicero.

And

And Superstition o'er the ruins reigns,
And not a trace of ancient Rome remains.

From the deep forests of the frozen north
I pour'd unceasing swarms of warriors
forth. 210

Rude as the storm that round their moun-
tains roar'd,

They rush'd impetuous with the ravening
sword;

Wide o'er the trembling empire urg'd their
way,

And bent its falling pride to savage sway.

Still what the sword acquir'd the sword
maintain'd; 215

O'er the wild factions jealous Discord reign'd.

Scarcely to the throne the haughty barons
bow'd;

Each to his Lord the faithful vassals crowd.

To guard their rights, and quell surround-
ing foes,

O'er all the realm unnumber'd castles rose. 220

Wild spirit of the feudal times, 209.

E 2

But

But Time display'd (and then the tumults
cease)

The sweets of Order, and the arts of Peace.
Law rose again, and spread her empire far,
And Science smooth'd the rugged front of
War;

While either Indies all their treasures roll, 225
To raise new passions, and unnerve the soul.

The watchful monarchs seize the tempting
time,
Nor think the conquest of their own a crime;
With eager joy they hide the captive snare,
And heavy chains for suppliant hands pre-
pare. 230

Where now shall Freedom fix her sacred
seat?
Where fly to find her last, her best retreat?

Causes of its decline.—Permanent possession.—Progress of the
Arts.—Revival of the Civil law,—and of Literature.—Intro-
duction of foreign luxuries, 221.

Consequent slavery of the greater part of Europe, 231.

To

To cheer eternal snows I hardly scale
The Alpine cliff — nor sport on Arno's vale.
The crouching Dane my wounded spirit
thuns, 235
That once inspir'd Batavia's sordid fons.

Where round the beach the vast Atlantic
roars,
Fair Albion waves me to her welcome shores.
On thee, fair Albion, beams my constant
smile :
I reign the Goddess of my chosen Isle. 240
No more my Britons show'r their darts in
vain,
And drag at Cæsar's foot the captive chain ;
No more my Britons, as their Alfred brave,
Bend to the pirate of the northern wave ;
No more the flow'r of beauty wastes her
bloom, 245
Where the chill abbey spreads its barbarous
gloom ;

Swiss Cantons.—Italian Republics, 234.

Denmark made a voluntary surrender of its freedom in 1660, 235.

United Provinces, 236.

Liberty of Britain, 237.

Etherial

Ethereal splendour gilds the brightening
shrine,
And blends afar its piercing rays with mine.
The fiend of dark design, whose baleful hand
Drew the deep mist of error round the land, 250
Scar'd at the blaze, on rattling pinions borne,
Shrinks headlong from the rosy smiles of
morn.

Blest be the morn, by whose refulgent
ray
Fair Justice marks, and Mercy smoothes the
way ;
Blest be the morn, from whose auspicious
glow, 255
Pale Slavery flies, and streams of glory flow ;
Before the force of whose illustrious fires,
The glare of Rome and brilliant Greece ex-
pires.

The Reformation friendly to Freedom, 247.

Thrice

Thrice happy sons of Albion's sea-beat
 coast,
 Your country's love be long your ardent
 boast; 260

Then Ceres, wafted on the balmy gale,
 Shall paint the mountain, and adorn the dale.
 Lur'd from the mazes of her dark retreat,
 With thee shall Science fix her splendid seat;
 Then shall your lordly oaks exulting sweep 265
 Through the loud clamours of the raging
 deep;

And Commerce, with her thousand sails un-
 furl'd,

Shall roll to Thames the tribute of the world.
 To guard from rash assault, or secret wound,
 My spirit then shall dart its terrors round, 270
 Flame in the senate, thunder in the field,
 Unaw'd by danger, and untaught to yield.

But, ah! let no deriding nation say,
 In flaring discord Albion wastes away!

What baneful weeds o'erspread her withering
bays ! 275

How Faction's sons usurp the Patriot's praise !
How civil rage distracts the rushing state,
And envious kingdoms join to close thy fate !

While Brunswick's glory o'er thy good
presides,
And still thy course with steady justice guides ; 280
While still he scorns alike the foul disgrace,
The tool of faction, and the slave of place,
And o'er his people breathes the generous
flame,
To quell her foes, or die for Britain's fame ;

My smiles shall yet dispel the blackening
gloom ; 285
Thy spreading laurels yet shall richly bloom ;
Thy sons shall yet the gather'd tempest brave,
And rise superior from the threatening wave ;
Thy sons shall yet despise its loud alarms,
And shout defiance to a world in arms ; 290
While bright success my joyful voice shall
raise,
To bless the future, as the past to praise."

MIS-

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

F

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

ODE for LORD FORBES'S BIRTH-DAY,

May 3. 1786.

I.

AWAKE, thou sweetly-breathing flute,
And join the chorus of the grove,
Whose warblings Moira's ear salute,
As round Montalto's dome they rove.
And let the breeze that gladly brings
Thy festal notes on fluttering wings,
Its chearful echoes all employ
To swell the general voice of joy.

II.

For, see with rosy smiles the morn,
In more than common splendor shine,
Repeating, that a child is born,
To grace the noble Granard's line.

And lo ! where Hope exults on high,
With spreading plume and sparkling eye,
That darts across the heaving main,
To Metz's fair and fertile plain.

III.

Behold the lovely pair, she cries,
As o'er their second life they bend !
The grateful raptures, how they rise,
As blessings on their son descend !
With glance prophetic, now I see,
Thy fires renown'd revive in thee,
And Honour, Valour, Virtue trace,
The future glories of thy race.

IV.

In thee, the blood of Edward flows,
The rightful sovereign of the land,
Who bore aloft the snowy rose,
That Henry tore with impious hand.
But still, as round thy tresses twin'd,
It marks thy royalty of mind ;
And pure, as from the source sublime,
Thy blood rolls down the stream of Time.

V.

V.

The gallant Græme, the Forbes bold,
In Caledonia's hapless day,
Whose swords the sceptre oft controul'd,
That aim'd at arbitrary sway.
These loudly hail thee from the skies,
And bid the infant Patriot rise,
The sacred rights of Britain guard,
And seek from Fame thy best reward.

VI.

Or, should invading hosts alarm,
The brave triumvirate conspire
To brace the infant warrior's arm,
○ And touch thy soul with martial fire.
Could human prowess snatch from Fate,
Thy Rawdons would have sav'd the state,
And stemm'd Rebellion's rushing tide ;
Their Parents and their country's pride.

VII.

These parents, rich in every grace,
That warms and wins the yielding heart,
Shall with thy own their child embrace,
And sweet benevolence impart.

And

And every Muse, they'll teach to spread
 Her garland round thy honour'd head,
 Proclaiming from her favourite seat,
 Thy wisdom as thy goodness great.

TO

To a LADY,

ON DECLARING HER DISLIKE TO POETRY,,

AH! cease, Elisa, cease to flight
The sweetest flow'rs in Fancy's field.
To souls like thine a scene so bright,
Should ecstasy of pleasure yield.

Can she, whose magic touch displays
Whate'er of grace in Nature shines,
Refuse the Bard his kindred praise,
Who paints it in his living lines?

Can she, who guides with skilful hand
The chords to pierce the thrilling heart,
The force of harmony withstand,
That strikes it thro' the Poet's art?

Can

Can she, whose sweetly varied voice,
 Has power the coldest breast to warm,
 Not in the glowing verse rejoice,
 That gives it half its power to charm?

Can she, the Graces vie t'adorn
 With all that's lovely and refin'd,
 The fairest forms of beauty scorn,
 And finest feelings of the mind?

Ah! cease, Eliza, to untwine,
 With hands so fair but so profane,
 The wreath that links the sacred Nine;—
 And rank the foremost of their train.

ODE

ODE FOR THE 30th OF JANUARY.

Written at Oxford as an Academical Exercise.

HARK! on icy wings the gale
 Scowls along the winding vale:
 Hark! a voice of awful doom,
 Bursts from * Windfor's hoary shade,
 Shrieks that shake the yawning tomb,
 Rouse the echoes of the glade.
 Hark! the tide of swelling sound,
 Rushing thro' the gloom of night,
 Scattering horror wildly round,
 Cromwell strikes with pale affright,
 While his vision points the sword
 Thro' the bosom of his Lord,

* Charles I. is said to have been buried at Windfor.

While, in Albion's evil hour,
Murder marks the path to Pow'r.

II.

O'er the murmurs of the deep
Hangs the flaming car of day,
Slow to mount the rosy steep,
Clouding his reluctant ray.
Shrink, oh ! shrink, thou blushing morn,
Quick to Lethe's darkest shade,
Thou that saw'st Sedition's blade
Streaming from the crimson blow,
Thou that saw'st the diadem torn,
And trampled by a subject foe.

III.

See, with holy vizard veil'd,
Treason rolls to Heaven her eyes !
See, with Albion's griefs regal'd,
How she quaffs her tears and sighs !
See, with olive garlands gay,
Where sweet Peace and Freedom bloom,
How she smiles but to betray.
Ah ! beneath her pinions gloom,

Albion's

Albion's curse and Albion's bane,
 Smoking with his Monarch's blood,
 Weaves the snare, and clanks aloud
 The horrors of the servile chain.

IV.

Startled at the dismal sound,
 Justice, with her pointed spear,
 On the trembling tyrant frown'd;
 While these accents rend his ear.

" Wild Ambition's giddy steep,
 Traitor, hast thou dar'd to scale,
 At whose base the Stygian deep
 Murmurs thro' the pitchy vale?
 Curst with reins of regal sway,
 O'er thy front Suspicion low'r;
 Quivering on thy lip Dismay,
 Taint the poisonous draught of Pow'r.
 Rack'd on Care's distracting wheel,
 Thrown on Terror's thorny bed,
 Hoary tyrant, see the steel
 Waving o'er thy bristly head.
 From filial rage and threatening doom,
 Shield thee in the welcome tomb.

ODE FOR THE 29th OF MAY.

CAROLUS REDUX.

Written at Oxford as an Academical Exercise.

I.

NOW had burst the storm of war,
In streams of blood around the Isle,
Blasting, as it rush'd afar,
Holy Faith, and Freedom's smile.
Mourning over Britain's doom,
In whisper'd sorrow, pale Despair,
Wandering thro' the dreary gloom,
Wakes with sighs the desert air,

II.

Ha! what beam of chearing light
Breaks the scattering shades of night?
Hark, what transport loads the gale?
"Hail, Britannia's Monarch, hail!"
"Treason sinks with flagging wing,
"Wearied Faction's clamours cease,
"Freedom calls her legal king,
"Faith extends the flag of peace,"

Lo!

Lo! the Prow, with conscious pride,
Sweeping, cleaves the foamy tide;
Anxious Albion sees it rise,
Where the billows kiss the skies.

III.

O be the day of high renown,
That gave thy life, and then thy crown!
May Britain bless the brightening morn,
That gave thee to her longing arms,
By mad Rebellion rudely torn,
To hush her long and loud alarms!
Oh! tempt not thou the dazzling rocks,
Her sons, where Despotism calls,
And oft the vain endeavour mocks,
When down, the fatal ruin falls.
And, be not thou allur'd to rove,
Where Pleasure spreads her silken snare,
And the wild notes of wanton Love,
Lull to rest the Patriot's care;
Where, lost to fame, the Monarch lies,
Derided lives, inglorious dies.

To

To Miss ———,

FOR A BROACH WITH A BROKEN CHRY-
STAL, LEFT AT FAHAN.

TELL me, lovely Maid of Fa'an,
While you rov'd the flowery lawn,
Have you found a shepherd's heart,
Broken by Misfortune's dart?

Oh! in pity to his pain,
Give it to his breast again;
Or, with sweetness more divine,
Heal, and take his heart to thine.

An

AN OCCASIONAL EPILOGUE,

F O R

The Character of VIOLANTE, in The Wonder; or, a Woman keeps a Secret; a Charity Play, intended to have been acted at Strabane, 1781.

THE curtain now has clos'd our doubtful fate,

And pair'd each hero with his happy mate.
But sleep *I* cannot, till I shew the blunder,
That makes *my secrecy* so vast a wonder,
When women *daily* plot with all their brains,
To keep at *once* their secrets *and* their swains;
For, well I knew my Felix could not rove,
Charm'd in th' attractive chains of powerful Love,

Who, blind himself, has yet the art to blind

The jealous eye, and calm the ruffled mind.

But,

But, it should less be Violante's care,
To blame the Poet, than excuse the Play'r,
Were she unconscious of the friendly cause,
Which to the scene your kind attention
draws.

For Charity, that never dreams of wrong,
Alike can loose the purse and tie the tongue,
And ever shews her pleasure and her pride,
Not only nakedness but faults to hide.

Her gentle spirit may she now diffuse,
To spare the efforts of the comic Muse.
Nay, more—a sweet approving smile to
grant,
When young Benevolence pleads for aged
Want.

So may no sigh the generous bosom heave,
Press'd with the woes it wishes to relieve;
So may each Nymph her Felix learn to guide,
And every Briton find so fair a Bride.

VERSES

VERSES FOR THE CHARACTER OF
MERCURY AT A MASQUERADE, IN
IRELAND.

EThereal messenger of Jove,
Thro' realms of liquid light I rove,
Or, downward pierce the Stygian gloom,
With trembling ghosts to meet their doom,

But lo! this gay and gallant fight,
Arrests a while my wandering flight,
And seems from Mercury to demand,
The wonders of his magic wand.

I come not like an artful imp,
To serve you as Imperial pimp,
Nor save the love-sick swain from ill,
Transform'd into a gilded pill.
You love, and you repent so well,
You ask no aid from heaven or hell.

H

But,

But, vers'd in arts that pass belief,
 I come—beware—an arrant thief,
 And boldly boast my purpos'd feats ;
 For who can cheat the chief of cheats ?

Ye fair, I steal your winning smile,
 And waft it to the Paphian isle,
 With all the nameless charms that flow
 From eyes of fire and breasts of snow.
 For so the Queen of Love decrees,
 Who now has lost the power to please,
 And mourns her graces hither flown,
 Since Rutland has usurp'd her throne,
 Lo ! St Leger, O'Neil obey,
 And, urging quick their destin'd way,
 Unmask the charms that all delight ;
 But Venus shuns the envied fight.

Ye guardians of the Nation's weal,
 From Mars I bear command to steal
 Those swords bedew'd with patriot tears,
 Whose sudden gleam dispell'd your fears.
 And though your spears be turn'd to
 crooks,
 And plains be watch'd with anxious looks,

I filch Hibernia's golden fleece,
Nor fear your dragon, the police.

Your herdsmen of their wealth I gull,
Scarce leaving Ireland even a *Bull*.
Juno, like you, that monster scorns,
Since fair Europa fighed for horns.
A prize above ignoble beasts,
I steal your peers, but send you priests.

But, who will learn, with skill divine,
A theft surpassing all of mine?
No more such generous blood to drain,
And faintly clank the threatening chain;
No more to wear the lover's mask,
And yet impose a Pharaoh's task;
No more to shake the torch of zeal,
Inflaming wounds its warmth should heal;
But sooth a grateful kingdom's smart,
And spare the purse—to steal the heart.

Benefacta male locata, malefacta arbitror.

CICERO.

WHAT tongue the useless heaps can
number,
Profusely spent on learned lumber,
Devoted—cloister'd pomp to cherish,
To pamper drones who else must perish,
And guard with academic terrors
Asylums of exploded errors?

This pious species of profanity,
Say, what could prompt but human vanity?
* To be a theme for declamation,
Or statue in a noted station,
And thus astonish future ages,
With crowds of finners, saints, and sages?

* Ut pueris placeas et declamatio fias.

JUVENAL.

TO MISS H. M——, AN APOLOGY
FOR PRESUMING TO LISTEN TO HER
CONVERSATION.

AH! cruel Maid, to blame my joy,
Thy ever-pleasing voice to hear,
So pow'rful thou, and yet so coy,
To chain the heart and charm the ear!

How can the magnet cease to turn,
With trembling pleasure, to the pole?
Or, how the music of the morn,
With soft delight to thrill the soul?

The magnet yet may lose its art;
Its charms, the music of the morn;
But oh! this thrilling trembling heart,
To thee can never cease to turn.

Then

Then why, my fairest, take offence,
Because thy beauties must engage?
With female sweetness, manly sense,
So rarely found in riper age?

But, had my sighs the pow'r to move,
And to thy yielding bosom reach,
Those pouting lips should amply prove
Their silence sweeter than their speech.

IMI-

IMITATION of "*My fond Shepherds
of late were so blest.*"

ADDRESSED TO TWO AMERICAN LADIES
WHO WANTED WORDS FOR THE TUNE.

Edinburgh, 1779.

O F late was America blest,
Her daughters were happy and gay,
Her shepherds went safely to rest,
And merrily fung thro' the day.

But ah! what a change of the scene!
Her wailings are heard from afar;
Her nymphs leave the dance on the green,
Alarm'd at the horrors of war.

The

The pipe of her shepherds is dumb,
And all their sweet harmony fled ;
The tabor is drown'd by the drum,
And the song by her groans for the dead.

But, while sympathy gives them our tears,
The sigh will be mixt with a smile,
Since the pride of her beauty appears,
To cheer a disconsolate isle.

Mr

*Mr GRAY'S INTRODUCTION to the Fourth
Book of his Poem De Principiis Cogitandi,
which was to have treated on the Passions:
being an address to his deceased friend Mr
WEST, to whom the Work was dedicated.*

HActenus haud segnis Naturæ arcana retexi,
Mufarum interpres, primusque Britan-
na per arva,
Romano liquidum deduxi flumine rivum ;
Cum tu, opere in medio, spes tanti et causa
laboris,
Linqvis, et æternam fati te condis in um-
bram !

Vidi egomet duro graviter concussa dolore
Pectora, in alterius non unquam lenta do-
lorem,
Et languere oculos vidi, et pallefcere amantem
I Vultum,

Vultum, quo nunquam Pietas nisi rara, Fides-
que,
Altus amor veri, et purum spirabat Ho-
nestum.

Visa tamen tardi demum inclementia morbi
Cessare est, reducemque iterum roseo ore sa-
lutem

Speravi, atque una tecum, dilecte Favoni!
Credulus heu longos, ut quondam, fallere
soles.

Heu spes nequicquam dulces, atque irrita vota!
Heu mæstos soles, sine te quos ducere flendo,
Per desideria et questus jam cogor inanes!

At tu, sancta anima, et nostri non indiga
luctus,

Stellanti templo, sincerique ætheris igne,
Unde orta es, fruire; atque O! si secura nec
ultra

Mortalis, notos olim miserata labores
Respectes, tenuesque vacet cognoscere curas;
Humanam si forte alta de sede procellam
Contemplere, metus stimulosque cupidinis
acres,

Gaudiaque

Gaudiaque et gemitus, parvoque in corde tu=
multum

Irarum ingentem, et sævos sub pectore fluc=
tus;

Respice et has lacrimas, memori quas ictus
amore

Fundo; quod possum, juxta lugere sepul=
chrum

Dum juvat, et mutæ vana hæc jactare favillæ

TRANS-

12

TRANSLATION of the FOREGOING VERSES.

THUS far, mysterious Nature to reveal,
 The Muses touch'd my lips with sacred
 zeal;
 And first, thro' British plains I pour'd the rills,
 Drawn from the fount of Rome's imperial
 hills;
 When thou, the source and solace of my care,
 Dost leave thy labouring friend to black De-
 spair.

I saw thy breast with sharp convulsion torn,
 That breast so quick another's pain to mourn;
 I saw the lustre in thine eyes expire,
 Which sparkled late with Friendship's holy
 fire;
 And on thy face benign the roses fade,
 Which glowing truth and genuine worth dis-
 play'd.

Yet, the fell plague seem'd slowly to depart,
 And ruddy health to yield thee to my heart;
 My

My fluttering hopes I yet would fondly raise,
 Once more with thee to cheat the livelong days.
 Ah! blasted hopes!—ah! wishes form'd in
 vain!

And days now lengthen'd with increasing pain!

But oh! thou sacred spirit, rais'd so high
 Above the reach of Sorrow's piercing sigh,
 Enjoy the source from whence thy essence
 flow'd,

The heavenly glories of thy blest abode.

And oh! if, far from chance and change
 withdrawn,

Thou deign to view the toils so late thy own;

If haply from thy seat sublime thou spy

The gathering tempest in this lower sky,

The racks of Fear, the stings of keen Desire,

The swell of Joy, and Grief's consuming fire,

The mighty wars that rend the throbbing
 breast,

And rob the little heart of all its rest;—

Oh! see the tears that o'er thy tomb I shed,

Smit with remembrance of our pleasures fled;

And hear me to thy clay-cold ashes mourn,

While these fond arms so vainly clasp thy urn,

VERSES

VERSES INSCRIBED TO J. C. Esq;

Written at Edinburgh, 1766.

THE sloping sun now hastes to hide
His chariot in the western tide,
And beaming mild o'er yonder hill,
Seems loath to bid our world farewell.
Arise, my friend, sweet Eve invites
To taste her calm serene delights.
Read Galen, White, and Paracelsus,
When such inviting weather fails us ;
When winter yon fair fields deforms,
And furious roars with raging storms.

To rouse you, must I tell dull tales
Of hills and dales, and rills and gales ;
Of charms autumnal paint profusion,
With allegorical allusion,
And sing of birds, and groves, and meads ?
A walk no such preamble needs.

Whither

Whither shall we bend our way?
 Thro' the mazy meadow stray?
 Or, diving downwards to the park,
 Yon crowd of townly belles remark;
 Then climb the mountain's rugged steep,
 And thro' th'untroubled trembling deep,
 View boats impell'd by pliant oars,
 And darting swift to different shores;
 While larger ships securely ride,
 Wash'd gently by the wavy tide;
 And blue hills, blending with the sky
 Remote, restrain the wandering eye;
 Wind now, to shift the pleasant scene,
 Obliquely down yon gradual green;
 All those fine landscapes scatter'd wide,
 Above, below, on every side,
 Which, varying, strike the ravish'd sight,
 Explore at large with new delight?

And as with social pace we walk,
 With friendly freedom let us talk;
 This best the fleeting hours beguiles,
 While chearful Nature round us smiles.
 Oh! hear me patiently impart
 The secrets of my love-sick heart;

Hear

Hear me, my friend, with rapture rave,
 And boast myself Clarinda's slave.
 And I shall listen in return,
 For what celestial nymph you burn;
 If Mary still your bosom warms,
 Or yields to Jessy's sweeter charms.

What pleasure must the man attend,
 Blest with a sympathizing friend,
 His grief and happiness who shares,
 Improves his bliss, and soothes his cares,
 Should next our ardent thoughts employ,
 Transported each with conscious joy.

But, see with gradual gloom the clouds
 Encircle all with sable shrouds,
 And spread along the vaulted sky
 A melancholy canopy.
 Now dimly we discern from far,
 Thro' the dark mist, the twinkling star;
 Now landscapes lessening on the sight,
 Scarce glimmer thro' the languid light.

Haste, let us leave the rural plains,
 Rock, flocks, and wild romantic scenes,
Our

Our steps to fair Edina bend,
And our long walk in Walker's end.

There, o'er the sparkling flowing bowls,
Met by some select, social souls,
With sprightly pleasure spend the night,
Renew old tales with new delight;
Laugh, sing the gleeful hours away,
Be joyful, jovial, while we may.

What purer pleasures can we find,
Than mirth with innocence combin'd?
Hath Heaven more precious treasures sent,
Than youth, love, friendship, and content?
When Youth is sad, depress'd with cares,
When Love is lost in anxious fears,
When frail are Friendship's sacred ties,
And spleen Contentment's place supplies;—
Wine elevates the sadden'd soul,

Relieves the Lover's tortur'd breast,
Makes the frail bonds of Friendship whole,
And soothes the splenetic to rest.

From SENECA'S THYESTES.

STET quicumque volet, potens
Aulæ culmine lubrico;—

Me dulcis saturet quies;

Obscuro positus loco,

Leni perfruar otio;

Nullis nota Quiritibus,

Ætas per tacitum fluat.

Sic, cum tranſierint mei

Nullo cum strepitu dies,

Plebeius moriar ſenex.

TRANS-

TRANSLATED.

WHoever will, that pants for pow'r,
 May scale Ambition's slippery tow'r ;
My heart the sweets of humble ease,
 And charms of rural quiet please,
 Where, thro' the shade the gentle tide
 Of Time may still serenely glide.
 So, when my noiseless days have fled,
 And Age has silver'd o'er my head,
 Mature in wisdom let me die,
 And drop in sweet obscurity.

A GREEK EPIGRAM.

WHY fear'st thou Death, imprudent
man,

The parent of eternal Peace?

Thy sorrows with thy breath began,

And with it all thy sorrows cease.

Why wander in this vale of woe,

With Care, and all her lingering train?

Ah! wish not then to shun the blow,

That comes but once, and ends thy pain.

The

The W I S H.

MAY the dear Maid, whose love rewards
 my love,
 Sooth every care and every joy improve ;
 May she my faults with softening candour
 blame,
 And grant th' indulgence that she needs not
 claim ;
 Courteous to all, to me devote her charms,
 Nor dream of bliss, but in my constant arms.

Whatever lot my future days abide,
 To rank with Fortune, or a flock to guide,
 Still be she pleas'd to join the gay parade,
 Or fondly slumber in the silent shade.

May all our kind contention ever be,
 Who best shall love, and longest shall agree,
 Thus gliding down the troubled stream of life,
 Till one grave hide the Husband and the Wife.
 Who thus will clasp me to her yielding breast?
 Thou, thou art she—and I'm supremely blest.

SONG

S O N G.

Written by Dr PERCY, in the year 1755.

O Nancy, wilt thou go with me,
Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town;
Can silent glens have charms for thee,
The lowly cot, and russet gown?
No longer drest in filken sheen,
No longer deck'd with jewels rare,
Say, can'st thou quit each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nancy, when thou'rt far away,
Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?
Say, can'st thou face the parching ray,
Nor shrink before the wintry wind?

O

O can that soft and gentle mein,
Extremes of hardship learn to bear,
Nor sad regret each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nancy, canst thou love so true,
Thro' perils keen with me to go;
Or, when thy swain mishap shall rue,
To share with him the pang of woe?
Say, should disease or pain befall,
Wilt thou assume the Nurse's care,
Nor wistful those gay scenes recal,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And, when at last thy love shall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay,
Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear,
Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

AN-

A N S W E R.

O Henry, didst thou know the heart,
That heaves for thee the constant sigh,
Thou wouldst not ask if aught could part
So tender, yet so firm a tie.
With thee the cot would prove a court,
The russet gown a garment rare,
And pleas'd I'd quit the gay resort,
That hail'd me fairest of the fair.

O Henry, lead the toilsome way,
And love will bear me thro' the wild;
I still could face the parching ray,
Nor heed the blast, if Henry smil'd.
But haply should the chilling storm,
Or blaze of noon that face impair,
I'd weep, shouldst *thou* regret the form,
That once was fairest of the fair.

Can

Can perils keen my purpose move,
Or fright me from my Henry's breast?
'Tis fear itself gives force to love,
And robs the absent maid of rest.
Should Henry suffer, while his bride
Nor eas'd his pain, nor sooth'd his care,
I'd curse those scenes of courtly pride,
That held the fairest of the fair.

But, should not all my trembling toil
Thy precious life avail to save,
I could not o'er thy sorrows smile,
I could not strew with flowers thy grave;
I'd lay me by thy clay-cold side,
Where grief would soon my heart-strings
tear,
Yet happier that with thee I died,
Than bloom'd the fairest of the fair.

L

HEN-

on the ground of the fact that the Government of the United States has not yet decided whether or not it will recognize the Government of the United States.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IT appears from a letter of the Author to a friend, that he began the following Tragedy a few months before his death ; and that he had not only conceived the plan, but made considerable progress in the execution, before he recollected that he had been anticipated in the choice of his subject by Mr Thomson, in his celebrated Tragedy of Tancred and Sigismunda. The beautiful Episode of Don Henrique, in the Novel of Gil Blas, has suggested the great outlines of both performances ; but in the management of the particular details of the Story there is a considerable difference. As the Author of the following Fragment has neglected to avail himself of some very striking circumstances in Mr Thomson's play, the Reader will easily perceive that he had resolved to make a fair trial of his own powers, and to suspend his curiosity with respect to that Poet's performance, till he should have finished his own. In this view, it may perhaps be amusing, even in its unfinished state, to those Readers who are fond of dramatic criticism. The Editor too was encouraged to hope, by the opinion of some friends to whom he communicated the Manuscript, that the publication of it would be no discredit to the Author's memory.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HENRIQUE,	Prince of Sicily.
LEONTIO,	Grand Chancellor.
ALVARO,	High Constable.
BERTRAND,	Captain of the Guards.

CONSTANTIA,	Princess of Sicily.
BLANCHE,	Daughter to Leontio,
NYSA,	

Senators, Heralds, Servants, &c.

ACT FIRST.

SCENE, *An apartment in the Palace of Belmont.*

BLANCHE. NYSA.

NYSA.

I Ndeed 'tis wrong to pine in melancholy,
To waste thy spirits in unceasing sighs,
And wash with tears thy lovely bloom away ;
Indeed 'tis very wrong.—Thou hast no cause.

BLANCHE.

No cause, sweet cousin ! Didst thou say, no
cause ?

O ! would to Heaven there were not weighty
cause.

Hast

Hast thou not heard the tidings from Pa-
lermo?
Heard that the King——

NYSA.

What? hath his jealousy
Decreed some new affliction for the Prince,
And banish'd him from Belmont?

BLANCHE.

No, my Nyfa;
Far other trials now await thy friend:
Perhaps, while now I speak, his parting breath
Requies his body to its kindred dust.

NYSA.

And canst thou grieve so deeply for a tyrant,
Who, goaded by Matilda's savage wrath,
Plung'd their own brother in a loathsome
dungeon,
And rais'd his sword to shed his nephew's
blood,
The blood of Henrique, of thy gallant Hen-
rique,

Unmov'd

Unmov'd to pity by his infant smiles,
But that thy father check'd his ruthless hand?

BLANCHE.

It is not for the King my sorrows flow,
But for that Henrique, who hath won my
heart
With all the tender blandishments of love.

NYSA.

For Henrique? Weep'st thou for his happiness?
For him who, now no more immur'd in Belmont,
Nor guarded by the Monarch's watchful eye,
Comes forth with rapture to reward thy love,
And raise thee to the throne of Sicily?

BLANCHE.

'Tis there, my Nyfa, there the stings of Fear
Awake the anguish of my boding breast.
Rear'd from a child in this deep solitude,
This sweet abode of Innocence and Peace,
My Henrique's wishes never stray'd beyond it,
Nor sought a bliss but in his Blanche's smiles.

O

O happy days, how swiftly have ye flow'd,
And left but gloom and heaviness behind !

NYSA.

Say rather, that the gloom is now dispell'd,
And heaviness is turn'd to hope and joy.

BLANCHE.

Ah no !—the dazzling splendour of a crown,
And all the syren pleasures of a court,
Too soon will fascinate his youthful soul ;
And proud ambition check the simple thought
Of stooping to a subject for a bride.

NYSA.

Why vex thy bosom with alarms so vain ?
Thy noble birth, thy ample heritage,
Must even from Princes challenge high respect ;
Yet thine regards thee with so fond an eye,
As scorns the tinsel of external pomp,
And loves thy native excellence alone.
But see, he comes to chase thy doubts away ;
His lips have more persuasive pow'rs than
mine.

Exit Nysa.

M

Enter

Enter HENRIQUE.

HENRIQUE.

Health and the purest pleasures of the heart,
Wait on my Blanche; I hop'd the breath of
morn

Would lure thee with its fragrance, and I
fought

The brook that murmurs round the woody
dale,

Thy favourite recess. — Of late I mark'd

The cloud of care that shades thy pensive
brow,

And the tear trembling in thy downcast eye,
When secretly it met a glance of mine.

I fought thee, Blanche, to dry that precious
tear,

Or share the grief my efforts could not sooth.

BLANCHE.

O my good Lord, I am not worth thy care;
A woman's spirits will be sometimes weak,
And yield her to involuntary sadness.

HEN-

HENRIQUE.

Nay, mock me not;—'tis something more
than this,
Some sharp affliction preying on thy heart.
I must not be denied.—My anxious love
Demands thy confidence.

BLANCHE.

Ah! then I dread
To lose that love, and with it all my soul
Regards of life. I will not, cannot hide
The pain that racks me from my Henrique's
pity,
If still his pity I may dare to claim.

HENRIQUE.

Thy words are mysteries.—I cannot guess
What sudden change they mark.—I feel no
change,
Nor can my strain'd imagination form
So wild a wonder as thy jealousy.

BLANCHE.

Pardon a weakness which were criminal
But in the victim of Despair.—Nor deem

M 2

Me

Me credulous, if I venture to disclose
What thrills my veins with horror, and appears
The cruel prelude of approaching fate.

HENRIQUE.

What prelude?—Whither canst thou lead?

BLANCHE.

Some nights
Ago, when sleep at last had visited
These weary eyelids, we, methought, were
seated
In that sweet bower of eglantine, where first
My Henrique talk'd of love; and love did then
Shed o'er thy face its mildest radiance:
When suddenly we rose to climb the steep,
That hangs tremendous o'er the vale, and
gain'd
With toil the dizzy height. With terror seiz'd,
I shriek'd, and clasp'd thee to my fluttering
bosom,
When thou, even thou, didst dash me rudely
down,
And sprinkle with my blood the pointed
rocks.

HEN-

HENRIQUE.

Hence, hence, my fairest, with these strange
illusions.

I never, never can be false, far less
Inhuman.

BLANCHE.

Yes—in that dread moment, when
I clung with fear and fondness to my guide,
That hand I cover'd with my tears—my
kisses—

That merciless hand—it tore me from thy
breast,
And plung'd me headlong—

HENRIQUE.

On my bended knee,
Let me conjure thee, not to sacrifice
Thy quiet to a dream—an empty dream;
And all my hopes of rich substantial bliss,
To shadows floating in the brain of fancy.

BLANCHE.

'Tis not a sickly brain—but aching heart,
That vents the presage of its ruin.—Night
But

But warns me of the danger which the sun
Writes with his clearest beams.

HENRIQUE.

Amazement ! say,
What deed, or word, or look of mine, but bore
The characters of truth and tenderneſs ?

BLANCHE.

Yet, thou wilt leave me, Henrique—thou wilt
leave me,
I know thou wilt ;—nay more—I know thou
muſt.

HENRIQUE.

Muſt ! Gracious Heaven !—What power but
instant death
Can ſnatch me from thine arms ?

BLANCHE.

The King.—

HENRIQUE.

Ha !—ſay'ſt thou ?
Can treachery have ſtung his ear ? Can ven-
geance

For

For Manfred's rashness still pursue the son,
And wound my tenderest part? So deep a secret,
Who could divulge?—Thy father knew it not.

—O—BLANCHE.

No—nor thy royal uncle—all thy sufferings
From his caprice are past.—The shades of
death

Are closing o'er his head.—My father flew
At midnight to Palermo, to receive
His last commands.

HENRIQUE.

Alas! unhappy Prince,
Nurs'd by thy charge in ignorance of courts,
I knew not of thy danger, nor could shed,
The softening balm of pity o'er thy pains.
And though I might exult, at rising thus
From thralldom into empire, yet I mourn
Thy sudden fall; and even bless thy goodness
That made a paradise my prison, where
My Blanche with angel sweetness cheer'd the
gloom.

BLANCHE.

BLANCHE.

A Paradise no more, but dreary wild,
Curst as of old with thorns, where, all forlorn,
Far must I wander from the paths of peace,
And meet my heavy doom—O Henrique—
Henrique,
One little hour may call thee hence for ever.

HENRIQUE.

No;—it may call me to th' enchanting power,
To calm thy ruffled spirit—to confirm
The sacred faith I pledg'd—and fix thy lot
In bonds of sweet indissoluble love.

BLANCHE.

That pinnacle of envied happiness
It is not mine to reach.—View'd from a throne,
What pleas'd in humble life, attracts no more.

HENRIQUE.

My fairest Blanche can never cease to please;
And shines so bright with each distinguish'd
grace,
That she will add new lustre to a throne,
Not

Not steal it by reflection.—Come, it argues
Unkind, ungenerous distrust, not only
Of me, but of thyself, to cherish fears
That feed so keen but causeless misery.

BLANCHE.

My ever honour'd Henrique, were my worth
But equal to the gratitude that glows
Within this bosom, it might well support
The lofty notions partial favour forms.
But, slender as it is, it leans to thine
For kind protection,—and my deep distrust
Is rather of my fortune, than thy faith.

Bear witness, Heaven, no vain desire of
power

Or splendour, touch'd my unaspiring soul,
In those endearing moments of delight,
When, heedless of thy future majesty,
I hung enraptur'd o'er thy tender looks,
And heard thy tale of love.—But now thy will
Is not thy own.—Thy hand is only due,
Where cold and watchful policy may point,
Or where thy people's clamour shall direct,

N

Tho'

Tho' thy reluctant heart should fondly sigh
For past attachment.—

HENRIQUE.

Canst thou think my love
But the soft dalliance of a summer day,
Unsanctified by honour,—unresolv'd
To face the blasting of the popular breath,
Should such assault it? Could I prize so lightly
Those hours of transport, granted to my
prayers
By thy so sweet indulgence, not to long
For such continued, such increasing bliss?

BLANCHE.

Thy words, my Henrique, are a kindly
flower,
That glads the parched bosom of the earth,
And wakes its withering hope.—And yet,
alas!
Despondent horror creeps o'er all my frame,
And something whispers still,—to hope no
more.

HEN-

HENRIQUE.

Ah! why so prone to change to bitterness
The flowing tide of joy?—Yes,—hope no
more,

For hope has vanish'd into certainty.
Thou only art my choice, my secret pride,
And soon my public boast.—With solemn awe
I here attest the blessed saints above,
That I will claim thee for my lawful Queen,
Before th' assembled court of Sicily.

Enter NYSA.

NYSA.

Forgive intrusion.—But my Lord Leontio
Comes on with rapid pace, and seems to lead
The royal guards to Belmont. *Exit.*

BLANCHE.

Will your Highness
Please to withdraw along the secret passage;
For this way you will meet my father's steps.

N 2

HEN-

HENRIQUE.

That secret door, to all but us unknown,
Had once its precious use, and gave a privilege,
The fervour of my passion ne'er abus'd.
But now the guards announce all privacy.
At once determin'd.—Give me leave to wait
His presence here.

BLANCHE.

Thy pleasure shall be mine.

(*Leontio enters, speaking to a servant.*)

Haste to Don Henrique,—scour the park, and
search
The palace.—Say, I earnestly intreat
An instant audience.—Ha! I did not think
To meet your Highness here.

HENRIQUE.

My Lord, thy looks
Bespeak important tidings.—I rejoice
To be so quickly found.

LEON-

LEONTIO.

All hail, my Prince;
For such thou art, and such I greet thee well.
My message of condolence brings its comfort.
The King is dead; a fever's gradual fire
Reduc'd his frame to ashes.—He hath left
Thee heir of all. The sceptre, prematurely
Dropt from his lifeless hand, I come to place
In thine, so worthy of imperial sway.

HENRIQUE.

The busy wing of fame outstript thy speed,
And taught me to expect what I deplore.
For Nature still must feel, tho' cramp'd by
power,
When her strong ties are rudely torn asunder;
And Sicily must feel the luckless change,
When his experienc'd arm resigns to me
The rod of empire.

LEONTIO.

Modesty, my Prince,
Is but a cloud that softens, not conceals
The blaze of merit. This obscure retreat
Could not eclipse the lustre of thy virtues.

HEN-

HENRIQUE.

My father,—Well thou claim'st that honour'd
name,

If ought in me can haply raise the smile
Of fair expectance, thy parental care
Did plant it in my breast,—and there, I trust,
Will still so nourish and support its growth,
As not to quench the ardency of hope.

LEONTIO.

Thy generous nature highly over-rates
My duty, and would evermore ascribe
To my poor services its own desert.
Yet pride would sparkle in these aged eyes,
Even in the shade to trace thy course of ho-
nour,

And gradually mark my pupil soar,
On eagle wing, to such an eminence
Of goodness as of grandeur.—O! my son,
Since thou wilt deign to wear that badge of
love,

Had thy own father liv'd to know thy worth,
He could not clasp thee to his panting breast
With livelier transport.

HEN-

HENRIQUE.

Thy excess of kindness
O'erpow'rs my gratitude,—perhaps thy prudence,

That should not flatter where it ought to
counsel.

But thy affection I accept with thanks,
And shall return with warm sincerity.

Yes,—thou shalt be my father,—thou shalt
guard

My unskill'd steps—and guide them to re-
nown.

Yes,—thou shalt be my father, and shalt reign
More than thy son in Sicily.

*(Goes to a table, writes, and
returns with a paper.)*

LEONTIO.

What means

My gracious King?

HENRIQUE.

To mark the high esteem
I bear thee, and I fondly hope, exalt
Thy happiness with mine.

LEON-

LEONTIO.

The rank I hold,
So near the Sovereign, with its wide domains,
Can leave ambition little to desire;
And all I covet is, to see thy glory
Shine with enlivening brightness to the state,
And terror to its foes ;—then close my eyes
In peace.

HENRIQUE.

And is there nothing then which claims
A nearer interest in thy bosom ?—Can
This best of daughters strike it with no wish,
To see her first, as fairest of the realm ?

LEONTIO.

What do I hear ? My Prince, respect thyself,
Respect thy people.—How can I receive
Such honour,—unexpected,—undeserv'd,
Without the public sanction,—nay, perhaps
Against it ?

HENRIQUE.

My rever'd Leontio,
Doubt not the common suffrage. Every voice
Not

Not only must approve it, but applaud.
And here I venture humbly to present
This warrant of my love, and of the power
With which thou rul'st my heart.

(Gives the paper to Blanche.)

BLANCHE.

With deep respect,
And trembling hand, I take my Sovereign's
grace ;

But duty prompts me to remit the pledge
To an indulgent parent. By his will
I govern mine.—He kindly will prefix
To this the royal signature, whate'er
His wisdom dictates for our mutual good.

(Gives the paper to Leontio.)

LEONTIO.

O rash ! O wretched youth. *(aside)*.

Forbid it, Heaven,
My King should e'er reproach me, or that I
Should e'er abuse the confidence——

HENRIQUE.

My father,
I know thou wilt not freely use the power

O

I

I give thee.—My consent is sure.—Reproach
Can never tinge thy cheek with indignation,
Nor mine with shame. A glow of gratitude
Alone will mark my feelings.—Hark! the
found
Of trumpets.

(Flourish of trumpets.)

LEONTIO.

It proclaims th' impatient joy
Of numbers to salute their Prince, and
guard
His person to the capital.—The chiefs
And nobles of the realm already crowd
Around the throne, to wait thy wish'd ap-
proach,
And pay thee due obeisance. Scarce a league
Removes thee from Palermo.—I shall soon
Attend thee there, and Blanche, the Lady
Constance.

HENRIQUE.

Adieu.—I fly to meet their homage, and
Assure them of my love.

Exit.

LEON-

LEONTIO.

My Blanche, come hither.
Give me thy hand.—Thou art the only prop
Of my declining age. Thy happiness
Was ever dearest to this heart, which labours
With strong anxiety to make it sure.
O! blast it not, nor bring these hoary hairs
With sorrow to the grave.—Youth, youth is
giddy,
And thro' the painted clouds that fancy
forms,
Too seldom can descry its true advantage.
But time is urgent:—E'er the shades of night
Darken the gay horizon, thou wilt know
More than can now be utter'd or believ'd.
Prepare thee for the court.

BLANCHE.

I shall with speed.
(*Afide.*) Alas! his troubled countenance por-
tends
Some strange disaster.—Heaven avert my
fears!

Exit.

LEONTIO *alone.*

O day of horror! What! was I a fool,
 Not once to see, nor even to suspect
 A thing so natural? an event so big
 With ruin?—All my schemes o'erturn'd to fix
 This tottering kingdom on a solid base!—
 The royal will infring'd! — Constantia
 scorn'd,
 And rous'd to vengeance!—while Don Pedro
 joins
 Her party,—nay, her hand,—and lights the
 torch
 Of civil war, more fatal than the flames
 Of Ætna's bursting torrent!—O! my Henrique,
 What hast thou done? conspir'd against thy-
 self,
 Against thy crown,—and forc'd thy friend
 to stab,
 Or my own honour, or my daughter's peace.
 Alvaro too.—Confusion!—He, the proud
 High Constable, who deems my lovely
 Blanche
 His certain prize.—Arraign'd by him!—by
 all!—

O

O horrible!—Distraction lies that way.—
Hold! let me think.—Not one resource?—

Alas!

Thought flies my brain.—'Tis darkness all.

Despair

Weighs down my soul.—This paper?—Ha!
it bears

A semblance.—I have power.—I promis'd
nought.

He may be sham'd into compliance,—be
Constrain'd to save himself,—to save the
whole.

His tongue will never falsify his hand,
His honour will confirm his public word.

Enter a SERVANT.

SERVANT.

The Lord Alvaro greets the Chancellor,
And prays admittance.

LEON-

LEONTIO.

I attend his pleasure.

(Exit Servant.

How opportune to aid my purposes !
They will not bear delay, nor he denial.
This very night—it shall——

Enter ALVARO.

Most Noble Sir,
To Belmont welcome. From Palermo ?

ALVARO.

No,—

Before the sun peep'd o'er the eastern wave,
I left my castle of Salanto, borne
On wings of soft desire, to breathe my vows
To her whom I adore. Nor can I doubt
Their kind acceptance, when the Parent's faith
Stands plighted to his friend.

LEONTIO.

It shall be sacred.

And trust me, Don Alvaro, much I prize
This high alliance. But unhappily,
Our royal Master's death, with all the care
Incumbent

Incumbent on my office, while he lay
In doubtful conflict on the brink of fate,
Even to this hour suspended all attempt
To forward thy desire.

ALVARO.

Too just a cause.

I heard the mournful tidings on the way,
And wish'd to seek thy counsel for the state,
As well as for myself.

LEONTIO.

The Prince is gone
To meet the court.— We must pursue his steps,
Assist the public settlement, and then
My zeal shall haste to gratify thy love.

ALVARO.

Propitious be th' event, and I shall bless
This day of general and domestic joy.
(*Exeunt.*)

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT SECOND.

SCENE, *An anti-chamber in the Palace of Palermo.*

CONSTANTIA *alone.*

O Would this solemn hour were past.—
Suspence

Is torment.—Strange! on what a cast the King
Hath hazarded my fortune and repute!

Yet much he lov'd his Constance, much he
wish'd

Her happiness secure.—And but last night
He press'd my hand with looks of melting
kindness,

When speech had fled from his pale lips, and
pour'd

His

His latest sigh into my bosom.—Peace
 Be to his venerable shade, and may
 The tomb receive me also to its rest,
 Before I stand the mark of insult.—Death
 Is better than disdain.—But once I saw
 This Henrique!—Yet, that once! the rose of
 youth

Just blowing into beauty,—scattering round
 Delicious sweets,—unconscious of its pow'r.
 Yet, yet, on me he gaz'd with such an eye,
 As chill'd the drops around this yielding heart,
 That would have flow'd to serve him.—'Twas
 not I

Who kill'd his father.—Will he wreak on me
 His vengeance for a mother's cruelty,
 Unsoften'd by my tears and kindred blood?

(Acclamations without.)

These shouts precede his entry.—Down—be
 calm,
 My troubled breast!

Enter HENRIQUE.

HENRIQUE.

Hail! fair Constantia.

P

Permit

Permit me to bewail our common loss,
But chiefly to commiserate thine, whose grief
Must rise from recent springs of tenderness,
To me and mine unknown.

CONSTANTIA.

It swells that grief,
To think Don Henrique's virtues could not
draw
Their due regard, where my unworthiness
Was flatter'd with distinction.—But at last,
Tho' heavily depress'd, they will emerge,
And Justice triumph in his rise to glory.

HENRIQUE.

Thy sympathy is generous ;—thy praise
Above my poor desert. — But while thy
charms
Could fix the arbitrary smile of power,
I shall not blame the rigour which ordain'd,
My way thro' pain and patience to a throne.

CONSTANTIA.

The heart that's train'd by hardship unto
rule,

By

By conquering itself, can best command
The hearts of others ; and already fame
Assures thy skill in this so arduous art.

HENRIQUE.

If ardent efforts for the general good,
And love bestow'd, can win returns of love,
Sweet harmony shall vibrate in the breast
Of Sovereign and of subject.

CONSTANTIA.

Ah ! how sweet
The concord then between the nearer ties
Of such a Prince.

HENRIQUE.

Alas ! the genial blood
That should have branch'd in sympathetic
streams,
Exulting from the heart, was poison'd—
shed—

I will not think of it.—The nobles wait
Our joint appearance. *(Flourish of drums
and trumpets.*

CONSTANTIA.

I attend the signal.

Exeunt.

Back scene draws up slowly to solemn music, while Henrique and Constantia enter, attended, and take their places on two thrones at the head of the hall, that of Henrique being higher.—Alvaro, Leontio, and other Nobles seated.—They rise and salute the Prince and Princess.

HERALD.

Let all the court with mute attention hear
The solemn mandate of the King deceas'd.

LEONTIO.

Illustrious Lords of Sicily, I rise
With due condolence to announce the stroke
That sunk our mighty Monarch to the dust,
Whose power not only shielded all our rights,
But whose auspicious providence extends
To our protection, while he sleeps in death.
For, as his last bequest, the diadem falls

On

On Henrique's worthy head, a gallant Prince,
 Whose royalty of mind, as well as race,
 Will dignify the gift, and widely spread
 A flow of blessings o'er a grateful land.

Nay more,—to quash the jarring claims that
 tore

The vitals of the empire, and cement
 With love the public safety, he appoints
 His sister's only child, Constantia,
 Adorn'd with every grace that wins the
 heart,

Imperial consort to her cousin Henrique,
 Assur'd so fair a union will be crown'd
 With all felicity, and no mischance
 Transfer the sceptre to his brother Pedro,
 Whose hand shall seize the right which he
 rejects,

With her, essential partner of the throne.

HENRIQUE.

How?—Where is this excluding clause? what
 proves

This order of succession?

LEON-

LEONTIO.

Here, behold
An evidence repelling every doubt.
The seal of state imprinted on the will,
Confirms thy title to our loyalty,
And thy Constantia's love. Nor less the proof,
Most gracious Sovereign, of thy full consent
To meet our wish.

HENRIQUE.

Consent—consent? Leontio?
The writing—say—hast thou forgot——

LEONTIO.

My Prince,
I never can forget the precious deed.
'Tis here—attested by thyself.—In this
My noble Peers will see thy fond regard
Display'd for Constance, and thy sacred word
Accomplishing the will.

(Hands the paper to the Court.)

ALVARO.

The signature
Precludes

Precludes fuspicion, and calls forth the voice
Of cordial gratulation.

CONSTANTIA.

Mine should flow
In strains of deep acknowledgement to thee,
My honour'd Lord. This voluntary grace
So courteously conferr'd, secures at once
My glory and affection.—If a life
Devoted to thy service, mark'd with all
Th' endearing care of conjugal attachment,
Can happily conciliate the esteem
Of Henrique to the daughter of Matilda,
Ah! why should virgin blushes now prevent
The tender of my duty and my faith
To my lov'd kinsman and my lawful King?

ALVARO.

O happy day for Sicily!—The rude
Impetuous breath of faction, which of old
Blasted the flower of this luxuriant isle,
And might have rag'd again between the heirs
Of Manfred and Matilda, now is hush'd
In lasting peace.—And though Constantia's
 charms,

The

The pride of all Palermo, well might draw,
With sweet constraint our youthful Monarch's
heart,

Yet still magnanimous the hero shines,
Who weds her child that made him fatherless,
Who pays with love the urgent debt of ven-
geance,

And who, superior far to private views,
Converts his passion to his country's good.

HENRIQUE.

I know not how to thank your zeal, I feel
Such strong emotion.—Such a change o'er-
pow'rs

My speech.—E'er we proceed, I must entreat
Thy private ear, Leontio.—A moment
Determines all.

*(Descends to the front of the Stage,
attended by Leontio.*

What demon stirs thy spirit?
Was it for this I gave my name? For this
I call'd thee father?—Are thy feelings fear'd?
Are mine to be thy sport? Must I be made
A public sacrifice? insulted,—ruin'd,

By

By him I fought to honour? O!—'tis foul,
'Tis treason, forgery.

LEONTIO.

Hush, Royal Sir,
Suppress thy anger.—Be a man, a King.
Alarm not this august assembly.—Think
Thy rash refusal strips thee of thy glory,
Thy crown, perhaps thy life.—Be calm—be
calm——

Retires abruptly.

HENRIQUE.

The hoary traitor!—But I must dissemble.
The holy pontiff will dissolve a match
So uncanonical—unfancified,
So near in blood—a murder'd parent's blood.
It cannot stand.—I must dissemble now.

*(While he retires to his place, Leontio
whispers to Constantia, then speaks
to the Guards.)*

LEONTIO.

The Queen commands her ladies to approach,
And now salute the throne.

Q

HEN-

HENRIQUE.

My noble friends

Will pardon a confusion sprung from praise
I never can deserve.—And yet my soul
Aspires to win your favour, for the firm
Establishment of concord, and the reign
Of rich prosperity throughout the land.
My fairest cousin also will forgive
This late return to such a flattering choice.
As mocks my poor expression, and will deign
To honour with acceptance this my hand,
Which solemnly confirms what once it sign'd.

*(While he is speaking, Blanche,
Nyfa, and other ladies enter.)*

CONSTANTIA.

Once more, and on my knees, I pour my
thanks
For this distinction, and my fluttering heart
Knows nought it now can envy.

ALVARO.

Let the sound
Of joy go forth.—Give all the trumpets
breath,

And

And to the farthest corners of the isle,
Proclaim th' imperial union aloud.
Of Henrique and Constantia.

(Trumpets with acclamations.)

LEONTIO.

To fill up
The measure of our gladness, Blanche, draw
near,
And with thy beauteous comrades greet thy
Queen.

BLANCHE.

Ah! spare——

LEONTIO.

Why hesitate?—Thy duty calls.

BLANCHE.

Madam, An humble maid, unus'd to courts,
Thus prostrate at thy throne, presumes to
with

Thy Majesty the blessings of a long
Dominion—and—support me, gentle Nyfa—

Q 2

And

And of domestic—Oh! my father.—Mercy—
O! Henrique.—Nyfa, help—— (*Swoons.*

CONSTANTIA.

Alas! sweet virgin.
Her bloom is gone. Her eyes are fix'd in
horror.

Her pulse is frozen.—Bear her softly out.
(*Exeunt ladies.*

Bring quick relief.—She will revive anon.
The scene was dazzling.—So severe a task
O'ercame her pow'rs.

LEONTIO.

I must solicit leave
To wait on her recovery. (*Exit.*

HENRIQUE.

My Lords,
The time admits no farther progress.—Soon
We shall be call'd to drop a parting tear
Upon the royal tomb.—A full assembly
Shall then be summon'd to confirm the
crown,

And

And render fealty to the lawful heirs.
My care shall ever watch your dearest rights,
And meanwhile, I commend me to your love.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE changes to an apartment in the Palace.

BLANCHE on a couch.—NYSA.

NYSA.

Thanks to the pitying powers, who have so
soon

Recall'd her to my arms.—Her gentle spirit
Could ill sustain so rude a crush from such
Unlook'd for hands.—Yet she survives the
blow.

She breathes more easily.—Her eyes resume
Their loveliness.—Look on me, Blanche.—
'tis I,

Thy friend, thy Nysa.

BLANCHE.

Have I then a friend?
Where am I?—Is it all a dream?—I thought,
Ah!

Ah! credulous maid!—I thought I had a
friend,
I thought I had a father.—O fool!—fool—
A friend—a father, does not lift the knife
Against his darling's throat.—I am an or-
phan,
Forlorn, forsaken, wantonly expos'd
To perish.—And to say I have a friend,
Is poisoning the knife, that kills without it.

NYSA.

O that my tears were balm to ease thy an-
guish,
Instilling comfort to thy wounded breast!

BLANCHE.

What comfort can my soul receive? What
depth
Of misery yet explore?—O faithless Hen-
rique,
Ere thy warm vows could reach the gate of
Heaven,
To follow them with instant perjury!

Enter

Enter LEONTIO.

LEONTIO.

How fares my child?—It grieves me sore to
see

Thy piteous case.—I warn'd thee to expect
An overwhelming stroke—and even wish'd
My Blanche herself to witness what might
else

Have stagger'd all belief.—Yet blame me not.
Such cruelty was kindness.—Such a shock
May prove most salutary, and restore
My daughter to herself, her peace, her duty.

BLANCHE.

What but the grave can give me back to peace?
And there I wish'd to rest—and there I ought
To hide my guilty head, since I have ventur'd
To break my filial duty, and to cast
My heart away without thy sanction.

LEONTIO.

No.

These accents of dejection ill besit

My

My dearest Blanche. Too forely dost thou
suffer

For youthful indiscretion, which could plead
So much in its defence. I give thee both
My pardon and my pity. This embrace
Conveys them to thy bosom.—Would it might
Convey withal a portion of my spirit
To brave indignity!

BLANCHE.

Alas! alas!
O shameful weakness!—How my blushes
burn

To feel but grief that sinks me to despair,
And to the welcome tomb.—No—Henrique
—No;

I cannot hate thee, cannot stir my soul
To hot resentment.—Memory recalls
Thy winning smiles, thy soft endearing
words,

And looks of gentlest love.—And I could sit
The livelong day on some sequester'd bank,
And sigh,—and ruminate,—and sigh again,
And hold sweet converse with my absent Lord;
And

And I could weep till these poor eyes, that
 once
 He gaz'd on with delight, had not a drop
 To shed upon the turf that soon will cover me.

LEONTIO.

This, this indeed is weakness.—'Tis a stain
 To the nice honour of thy sex;—a stain
 To the pure spring of thy nobility.
 What! shall the daughter of Leontio
 Sigh for another's mate, and stoop to be
 The paramour of Henrique?—I must guard
 Thy fame from such aspersion. Know, my

Blanche,

Alvaro seeks thy hand, the greatest lord
 Of Sicily, sprung from the Princely House
 Of Anjou, equal to the King in blood,
 In merit. He, enamour'd of thy charms,
 Deserves a heart he never will distress.

BLANCHE.

Just Heaven! to what extremes of suffering
 Am I reserved? O spare me, Honour'd Sir;

(Kneels.

R

Spare

Spare but a little while a suppliant wretch :
Let sorrow sap my life, and not a Father,
Not he who gave it, strike the deadly blow.

LEONTIO.

These ecstasies of passion will subside,
And reason, virtue will reclaim their place.
If Henrique could be thine, thou can'st not
doubt

My zeal in such a cause. But fate hath
planted

A bar we cannot pass. His diadem
Hangs on Constantia's hand. His own re-
nown,

His kingdom's welfare, loudly urge the choice.

BLANCHE.

But what, oh what can urge my being
dragg'd

A victim to the altar, there to vow
Affection never felt, and there to fall
Unpitied at his feet who deems my pain
Delight, my punishment an honour ?

LEON-

LEONTIO.

Blanche,

I must repeat, thy fame, thy precious fame
 Demands compliance. Shall the venom'd
 breath

Of slander taint thy purity, and spread
 In circling whispers thy unhallow'd love?
 Shalt thou be noted by the hand of scorn,
 As vainly panting to dethrone thy Queen;
 Or, as the pining castaway of Henrique,
 And ready partner of his looser hours?
 O summon up thy spirit: He deserts
 Thy favour for a crown. Before thy face
 He ratified th' irrevocable deed.

One effort saves thy honour, nay exalts it,
 But will not brook delay. The Constable
 Is gone to Belmont. We must quickly follow.
 This night the holy priest shall join your
 hands.

Alvaro claims my promise. I entreat
 Thy due consent; but if my earnest prayer
 Is vain, I do *command* it. (Exit.

R 2

BLANCHE,

BLANCHE.

Cruel Fate!

But now I thought my sorrows past the power
Of aggravation. Must so many weights
Combine to bear me down, a feeble, poor,
Defenceless maid, whose crime is undeserv'd
Fidelity and Love?

NYSA.

How undeserv'd

Indeed! O sad reverse! To see him kneel
So humbly at thy feet, attesting Heaven
To mark his vows of endless constancy;
Then from his haughty throne—before his
court—

Before thyself—to dash them to the ground.

BLANCHE.

Spite of his fair assurance, he hath turn'd
My fears to certain horrors,—horrors worse
Than even fear could picture. Not alone
Trampled, betray'd by him whom I ador'd,
But forc'd to be the wretched slave of one
My

My bosom shrinks from, yet must feign to
love,
Else ruin, infamy, a father's wrath,
A frowning world, must be my bitter portion.
O what so sharp could mortal foes inflict
As this from my belov'd?

Nysa.

Yet do not sink
So tamely under wrongs. Why not avenge
Thy injur'd honour? Why not vindicate
Thy spotless virtue? Why remain the dupe
Of bold unblushing perfidy? Why be
The proud Constantia's sport? O how 'twill
sting
His breast to madness to behold thy triumph,
While o'er thy head thy joyful parent pours
The blessing of obedience?

BLANCHE.

Thou hast rous'd
A spark within me that may scorch the traitor;
And should it also fire my funeral pile,
The

The blaze were welcome. O thou perjur'd
Henrique,

May thorns bestrew thy couch ; may Con-
stance dart

In every kiss a poison on those lips
Which seal'd my doom, that so thy nuptial
torch

May shed, with mine, a baleful light around,
Like a sepulchral lamp, and waste away
In misery's black abode. Yes ! I shall wed
The man I hate, to punish my vile choice
Of him I lov'd : And since Religion lifts
Her awful voice against self-murder, may
My days and nights be but a chain of sorrows !
And oh ! if still some embers of thy flame
Remain, 'twill pierce thee to behold me
thrown

Into another's arms ; or if extinct
In thy most frigid soul, yet Sicily
Shall boast a virgin who can scourge her heart
For light indulgence of its weak desires.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE

SCENE *changes to another Apartment.*

HENRIQUE *alone.*

At last have I escap'd the torturing forms
Which haunt a throne, and gain'd a moment's
 pause
For thought. Thou base Leontio, what a snare
Was this? A barbarous plot, to ruin all
Thy soul should cherish most. O lovely
 Blanche,
How could I meet those eyes that flash'd re-
 proach,
Yet sued for pity? and behold thee fall,
Pale as a lily on the blasted heath,
With such a heart of stone? How could I
 spread
Deceit around, and curb the struggling voice
Of truth and honour? Curst dissimulation!
Who enters once that thorny labyrinth
Can scarce retrieve his steps, but plunges on
To deeper shame and guilt. But who could
 ward
The dark assassin's blow? His crooked arts
 Must

Must now be countermin'd. An Embassy
Shall haste to Rome, to urge a sharp decree
Against this incest, from the Holy Chair,
Which right, enforc'd by gold, can soon procure,
While every nerve shall strain to win the Prince
Of the whole Realm, to fortify my cause.

And now to undeceive my Blanche, and
footh
Her troubled mind—Ha ! crost !

Enter CONSTANTIA.

CONSTANTIA.

My dearest Lord !
Nay, turn not from thy Constance, from
thy best,
Thy fondest friend. Alas ! I saw dismay
Chase from thy countenance those rosy smiles
Of pleasure, that should light this festal day,
And long——

HEN-

HENRIQUE.

I thank thy kind anxiety.
Struck with the eventful scene, I wish'd to
seize
A private hour to fix my scatter'd thoughts.
Blanche more deserves thy care.

CONSTANTIA.

Leontio

Stopt all access, and hurried her to Belmont.

HENRIQUE.

Retire—I'll follow straight.

CONSTANTIA.

But wilt thou follow
With looks of gentleness, and cheer thy bride,
Who weeps to see thee thus?

HENRIQUE.

Why doubt my faith?

(Exit Constantia.

To Belmont? What! to Belmont? e'er her
spirits

S

Resume

Resume their feat; e'er I could pluck the mask
 From this apparent villany. Delay
 Is fatal. In the deepest clouds of night
 I'll speed to Belmont, clear the mystery,
 And reap the double joy of sweet surprise
 And tender reconciliation.—This unlocks
 The secret door, and once again restores
 The bliss that vanish'd from my fond embrace.
 (*Exit.*)

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT THIRD.

SCENE, *An apartment in the Palace of Belmont.*

FERDINAND. ANTONIO.

ANTONIO.

I Nstead of mirth, and sound of minstrelsy,
'Tis gloom and silence all. These nuptial
rites
Forebode but little joy.

FERDINAND.

It seems indeed
A dreary night. Oh what a change, Antonio!
Our lovely mistress! How it vext my heart
To see her stand a monument of woe,
So ghastly pale, so motionless; her eyes
So dim and sunk. I could not stay to hear
The benediction.

S 2

AN-

ANTONIO.

Nor could I have said,
Amen ! O didst thou mark what time the
priest
Pronounced the awful words, a raven shriek'd,
And flapp'd his wings across the altar ? Didst
Thou mark a gleam of lightning shoot athwart
The aisle ? How blue the tapers burnt, and
shew'd
Us all like demons, muttering horrid spells ?

FERDINAND.

It looks like Heaven's displeasure ; and yet,
Antonio,
Can Heaven be angry with our dearest Lady ?
So good, so kind, so gentle, that she seems
An emblem of its purity, an angel
Sent down to bless us.

ANTONIO.

And may she be blest !
O Ferdinand, it strikes me, if the Prince,
The Noble Henrique, were the happy man,
'Twould

'Twould not be thus. Thou mayst remember well

How oft we wish'd their union, when we saw
So sweet a pair grow up and bloom together.

'Tis like offending nature, when the fiend
Alvaro comes to tear them thus asunder,
And crop this flow'r of beauty.

FERDINAND.

Hush! I hear
Their steps approaching. This way, good
Antonio.

*Enter LEONTIO, ALVARO, BLANCHE, NYSA,
and Attendants.*

LEONTIO.

Let this auspicious hour be mark'd with white
In the records of time. Let guardian fairs
Waft to the sky my orisons, and watch
O'er all its purest bliss. I feel my youth
Renew'd,

Renew'd, my breast o'erflowing with delight.
Alvaro, be thou happy. Prize the worth
Of this so precious gem, and wear it next
Thy heart.

ALVARO.

My grateful heart shall ever bound
With joy for such a gift. O could it be
Unconscious of its lot, untouch'd by all
This paradise of charms, nor duly pay
In fervent adorations, and regard
Its love still more than life, it well would merit
The fabled fate of that which vultures tore
With rage unceasing, while the tortur'd flesh
Still grew beneath their wounds.

LEONTIO.

I know thy truth,
I know thy steady honour; nor will Blanche
Be slow to own the virtues of her lord,
Though maiden fears may now suppress her
voice.

But time steals onward to the midnight hour,
And warns us to repose. Adieu, my children!

May

May all your hours glide sweetly down the
stream

Of life, unruffled by a storm, with health
And pleasure in their train.

(Exeunt all but

ALVARO and BLANCHE.

ALVARO.

At length I seize
A secret moment to pour out the warmth
Of my enraptur'd breast. O wonder not,
Thou paragon of women! wonder not,
If but a single glance of such perfection
Charm'd all my powers, and forc'd the ardent
wish

To make it mine. And yet I would not owe
To cold obedience what should freely spring
From soft and sweet attachment.

BLANCHE.

Ah! my Lord,
Time soon dissolves the spell of hasty passion,
And

And turns it to dislike. I thought true love
A tender plant, not sudden in its growth,
Water'd with tears, and funn'd with gentle
smiles,
That shrinks from rough approach—

ALVARO.

But sure that lover
Must ill deserve the name, who spends his
breath
In idle sighs, and rhapsodies unheard,
While others hasten from his stretch'd-out
arms
To intercept his object. How my soul
Would agonize to see my lovely bride
Clasp'd to a rival bosom! Could it shew
Sincerity, by lingering to secure
What all must pant to gain?

BLANCHE.

It shews at least
The wondrous power of passion, to create
The beauties it admires. Alas! I want
Attraction to secure a single heart.

Indeed

Indeed thou hast no rival, and will soon
Wake from this trance, to see me as I am,
Stripp'd of the dazzling colours that enchant
Thy rapt imagination.

ALVARO.

I can never
Wake, but to feel my own superior bliss,
And boast the sole possession of a jewel
Which might adorn a crown. But why, my
Blanche,
That piteous sigh? Why that dejected air?
It suits not with the time. Let no vain
fears
Alarm thee. I can never, never cease
To love such excellence, and bless the night
That yields it to my arms. Another sigh!
Another! Whence? oh whence?

BLANCHE.

Forgive, my Lord,
The languor of my spirits. I am faint.
I met a cruel flock. I feel so alter'd

T

From

From what this morning found me, I can
scarce
Support my trembling steps.

ALVARO.

It was indeed
A trial too severe. Let me support thee,
And fold thee in my arms. Repose will soon
Recruit thy strength. 'Tis late, my sweetest
Blanche ;
Why tarry here ? Accept me for thy guide.
This opens to thy chamber. Ah ! what means
This bursting flood of tears ?

BLANCHE.

Thus low I bend,
With all humility, and kiss thy feet,
For pardon, for indulgence. Press me not.
A change so rapid, so precipitate,
I cannot reconcile. Let pity grant
A short respite. It may awaken love.

ALVA-

ALVARO.

Astonishment! There's more in this than
strikes

The ear. (*aside.*) Rise, lovely mourner, rise.
Thy tears have turn'd to gall my flowing cup
Of joy; yet shall they not be pour'd in vain.
Altho' reluctance frown'd not on thy brow,
Tho' to my vows thou gave thy ready hand,
And rais'd my hope to happiness extreme;
Yet will not I upbraid thy wavering mind.

BLANCHE.

Could I find words, I'd thank thee. Shame
and grief
Obstruct—

ALVARO.

No more.—Retire. Thou'rt very pale.
Sleep will refresh thee. Shall I call assistance?

BLANCHE.

My Nyfa waits.

ALVARO.

I'll throw me on the couch,
And guard thy slumbers. (*Exit Blanche.*)

What a strange reverse!
The curse of Tantalus without his crime.

All is not well: But where to fix? I'm lost,
Bewilder'd. Mere caprice could hardly act
So violent a part. It could not be
To fan with coy delay a flame that rose
Above such artifice. O no! her soul
Was all impassion'd—struggling with some
fears,

Some secret pangs I could not penetrate.
She said I had no rival; unprovok'd
She said so. Yet methought she spoke with
such

A plaintive voice, as if she wish'd I had one.
But who could win her smiles, yet dread suc-
cess,

And not pursue his fortune. I were mad
To raise a phantom for my jealousy;
Yet be the cause unreal or unknown,
It works most certain wretchedness. O Sleep,
Thou canst not shed thy poppies o'er the fierce
Distractions

Distractions of my breast. But I will watch
The fruit I must not taste. (Exit Alvaro.

*The Stage is darkened, and HENRIQUE enters
by an Aperture in the back Scene.*

HENRIQUE.

Thus far I speed.

All, all is hush'd, and not a star betrays
My purpose. Let me breathe a moment.
My heart so leaps to be so very near
Its hidden treasure. O my injur'd Blanche,
I will repair thy wrongs, and seal my vows
Upon thy lips, with kisses sweeter still
Than had I not offended. O ye Powers
That favour love, conduct your votary,
And guard her from alarm.

*As he draws near the Door of the Chamber,
ALVARO comes out with a drawn Sword,
and fastens it.*

ALVA-

(150)

ALVARO.

Was it deception?
I surely heard a voice.

HENRIQUE *tapping at the door.*

Blanche, lovely Blanche,
Awake.

ALVARO.

Hark! hark! It calls her very name.

HENRIQUE.

My love! my Blanche! 'Tis I.

ALVARO.

Ha! Who art thou?
What midnight ruffian? Where, where can
my sword
Search out this lurking wretch? Ah! it shall
stab
Thy lust. I've found thee now—have at thy
heart—
Thy heart. He flies. The villain shrinks
away,

But

But cannot 'scape my vengeance.

(Henrique retires parrying, and exit
by the private door, that shuts.

Every door
Is fast, has double bolts. A fiend of Hell
Should not avoid me now. Come forth, and
meet

Thy doom. But shall so base a coward die
The death of honour? I'll alarm the house,
And drag him to the gibbet. (Rings a bell.

*Enter FERDINAND, ANTONIO, and other Do-
mestics, with Flambeaux, ALVARO standing
on his guard at the Door.*

Enter quick;
Secure each pass, search every corner: Bring
A chain, and bind him hard.

ANTO-

ANTONIO.

My noble Lord
Is much alarm'd. Hath any robber dar'd
In darkness to assault him?

ALVARO.

Yes! the worst
Of robbers. Seize him strait. He must be here.

FERDINAND.

Our quest is vain. There's not a trace—

ALVARO.

'Tis false.
Your drowsy eyes deceive you. Ha! what?
fled?
He hath accomplices.

FERDINAND.

My Lord is just,
And will not wrong his servants.

ALVA-

ALVARO.

I am wrong'd,
And will revenge my wrongs. This secret foe,
Though favour'd, shall not blast my honour
long.

Hence!—Leave your tapers. So my own
right arm
Shall render ample justice.

ANTONIO to Ferdinand.

Much I fear'd
Some stroke of judgement.

FERDINAND.

It appears to hang
In dire suspense. Kind Angels, save our mis-
tress! (Exeunt servants.

ALVARO.

I must be right—I must. Enchantment,
magic,
Is but the creed of childhood. Lust can glide
Through vaulted roofs, and take a thousand
shapes,

U

To.

To mock suspicion's eye. O what a depth
 Of horror opens to my view. *Thou hast*
No rival; yet the words had scarce expir'd,
 When lo! a rival comes. He calls her Love,
 His Blanche, his lovely Blanche. Ah! who
 can be

This bold intruder? To enquire of her
 Might add but falsehood to unfaithfulness.
 I'll sift her father. Could this foul intrigue
 Escape his piercing sight? or could he act
 The pander to her crimes, then basely dare
 To palm her for my wife, Alvaro's wife?
 He durst not. No! The serpent durst not
 twine

Around me thus, and slide his venom'd
 tongue

Into my bosom. He, with all his craft,
 Is over-reach'd. By whom? an arch deceiver,
 So young, so fair, in guise so innocent,
 As stamps a double guilt.

Enter

Enter LEONTIO.

My Lord, well met.
The hour's untimely, but it calls for prompt
Discussion.

LEONTIO.

What disturbs my son? I heard
Some tumult. Is thy bride—

ALVARO.

My bride! I have
No bride,—she is another's. But this moment
I trac'd him to her chamber. She refus'd
My fond caresses. She reserves her charms
For this so amorous Knight, whose sword es-
say'd
To make a widow in her wedding-robes.

LEONTIO.

O Henrique, how I tremble? (*aside.*) Good
my Lord,

I pray most fervently, let no deceit,
No fantasy mislead thy noble mind.
Beware of jealousy, the lover's bane,
The fever of the soul, which often points
The visionary sword, and raises oft
A host of empty terrors, to confound
Its hapless victim, and to drive him on
To sure destruction.

ALVARO.

What! can specious words
Subvert my feelings, when too well I heard
His steps, his voice, his soft familiar voice,
That call'd his Blanche? And was it but a
dream,
When his drawn faulchion loudly clash'd
with mine,
And sparkled through the gloom.

LEONTIO.

What vent'rous man,
Unheard, unknown, unless endow'd with
more
Than

Than human might, could force these bars
of brass?

Or say, what woman, lost to every sense
Of danger, or of duty, could appoint
Her bridal night to meet her amorous swain?
Forgive an old man, if I cannot find
In these suspicions all thy wonted strength,
Or generous bent of mind.

ALVARO.

Thy words confound,
But they convince me not. Thy daughter's
grief,
Her cold disdain, her silence to my vows,
Her tears to deprecate my love, are proofs
That want no comment from this nightly
visitor,
This thief of her affection.

LEONTIO.

Let not wrath
Transport my son to seek a foreign cause
For Blanche's tears. Affection must be woo'd
By soft and slow advances. So abrupt
Were

Were thine, that fear and sorrow well might
strike

So young a virgin, nurs'd in solitude,
A stranger to thy virtues ; and perchance
Her gentle blood, that flows through such a
line

Of splendid ancestry, might fire indignant,
So hastily to yield, by harsh constraint,
As if unworthy of a suitor's kind

And careful services. O, could she deem
Her purest honour wantonly assail'd

And sullied by the man who should protect it,
Her fear would turn to horror, grief to rage,
Which neither time nor tenderest offices
Could e'er abate. Thy jealousy begets

The very ills it feigns, and dreads to feel.

By all the ties of friendship, by thy hope
Of blessedness eternal, hear ! O hear

An aged parent ; stay thy hand, nor plunge
Us all into unfathomable woe.

Farewell ! May Heaven guard thee, O my son,
And still thy troubled soul ! (*Exit. Leontio.*)

ALVA-

ALVARO *alone.*

It shall be still,
And wait the dreaded issue. Could I trace
The faintest shadow of her innocence,
I would embrace it. Though I scorn to prove
The dupe of base illusion, yet I'll not
Be passion's slave. But what can shake my
firm
Belief of her dishonour, far exceeds
My range of fancy. Justice be my guide.
(Exit,

SCENE *changes to a Bedchamber.*

BLANCHE, NYSA.

NYSA.

The noise is over. Once again 'tis gloom
And silence all around. Compose thy spirits.
These fearful agitations will betray thee.
Perhaps it was not he.

BLANCHE.

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BLANCHE.

Alas ! his voice
Could not deceive mine ear. The voice that
oft

Awak'd the softest feelings of my breast,
And rouses now its terror and disdain.
What means this outrage? Have my suffer-
ings been

Too light to glut his savage appetite,
But must the husband of Constantia prowl
For midnight prey, and persecute to death
The victim of his falsehood ?

NYSA.

Only guilt
Of blackest dye, or conscious rectitude,
Could dare to seek thy presence.

BLANCHE.

Then 'twas guilt
That urg'd this deed of darkness, proudest
guilt,
That would destroy, but can no more delude.
We

We heard the clash of swords. The wretch
must meet

The ruin which he plotted. Awful Powers!
But yesterday my heart had shed with joy
Its latest drop, to save the hand that stabs it.

NYSA.

Had death been busy, loud alarms would shake
The tow'rs of Belmont. Through the secret
door,

And well-known windings of the place, he
must

Have fled from vengeance. All is safe. Alvaro
Can never charge thy virtue—

BLANCHE.

Will the shafts

Of sore affliction never cease to rain
On my devoted head? Ah! whither can
I fly from insults on my honour, far
More precious than my life? A father's house,
A husband's arms, will prove no sanctuary
From power that treads on justice, laughs at
pity,

X

And

And scorns all limit to its lawless fires;
Nay, stirs against my peace the very hands
That should defend it; gives me up a prey
To wrath and scowling jealousy, and drives
Me forth a loathsome outcast, to expire
In agonies of shame and piercing sorrow.
O Nyfa! what can I have done to merit
Such cruelty from Henrique?

NYSA.

Nor his crown
Could recompence thy wrongs; nor his whole
life
Spent in thy service, could atone for this
One day of grossest injury. Bear up,
My Blanche, against this whelming grief.
Perhaps
The cloud that threatens will not burst in
thunder,
But cheer thy fight with sudden gleams of
hope.

BLANCHE,

BLANCHE.

Impossible! I've bid a long farewell
To Hope's delusive promise. All my stay
Is on thy kindness. My malignant fate
Hath not yet torn this last of comforts from
me.

Yes! on thy bosom will I vent my grief,
And in thy gentle friendship seek a short
Relief from torment. Sleep can bring
No cordial to my sufferings. Let us haste
Once more to visit, with the earliest morn,
These arching groves, where frequently I
stray'd

With other feelings. Let me there retir'd
Weep in the peaceful shade, and wish an end
To all my miseries. *(Exeunt.)*

X 2

SCENE

SCENE changes to the Park.

HENRIQUE alone.

It must be clear'd
Before I leave the spot. The bravo's voice
Was not unknown. But when or where,
escapes
My hurried brain. What sacrilege, to lift
His sword against his Prince!—My deep re-
spect
For Blanche's honour fav'd him. Yet no
power
Of mortal foresight could suspect me there,
And darkness veil'd me from his eye; and
yet
The rude reviler knew my bent, and crost it,
As there were guilt in my untimely visit.—
I rove in vain conjecture. Will the light
Dispel my doubts? The sun already drives
The fleecy clouds, and now with purple
streaks

The

The mountain tops, and climbs the reddening sky.

I'll hide me in the bow'r. Perchance my Blanche

May wander to her Henrique's longing arms,
And sooth his anxious mind. Arise, my Fair !

The music of the grove invites thy step ;
The zephyr calls thee with my tender sighs ;
Thy lover waits ; arise, and come away.

(Exit.)

END OF ACT THIRD.

ACT FOURTH.

SCENE *the Park.*

BLANCHE. NYSA.

BLANCHE.

YE woods, that stretch your venerable arms
Around this deep recess, and witness'd
oft

The guiltless rapture of my happier days,
Receive me to your bosom, sinking now
Beneath the pressure of encreasing woe.
O could ye hide me from myself, and shed
A dark oblivion o'er my aching sense,
I'd court your friendly shelter with more zeal
Than e'er did holy anchorite of old,

And

And here secluded from the cares of life,
Give my whole heart to Heaven. O were it
now

Its sovereign will to strike me to the ground,
And rid me of this anguish, worse than death,
With eyes of streaming gratitude I'd meet
Such act of mercy.

NYSA.

Be thy precious life
Reserv'd for better fortune! Shall thy prime
Be blighted thus in all its rising beauty?
Call virtue, vengeance, to thine aid, and brave
The terrors of the storm.

BLANCHE.

I feel my strength
Too feeble for the shock. The light is hateful.
All nature sickens to my view, and seems
As weary of my stay. Thou, Nyssa, thou,
Though others pass me by, wilt strew with
flowers
My early grave, and by the glimmering light
Of

Of the pale moon, wilt guide thy steps to sigh
O'er her who lov'd thee.

Nysa.

O my sweetest Blanche,
Thou must not yield thy bosom to despond-
ence,
Nor let the tide of sorrow quite o'erwhelm
thee.

Recline at ease beneath this mossy rock.
Let brighter fancies play upon thy heart,
And melt the gloom that wraps it. Nature
wears
A face of mild serenity, and tunes
To peace the jarring passions. Could my
voice,
That once had power to please, accord with her
So gentle harmony, I should rejoice
But for a moment to beguile thy pain,
And steal thee from thy sadness.

SONG.

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S O N G.—*Siciliana.*

Ah! cease to list, unhappy fair,
The plaintive accents of despair,
That issue from the fullen gloom,
And draw thee to the yawning tomb.

Forbid it, Angels!—Fly to spread
Your wings around her drooping head;
The Demon's witching power controul,
And whisper comfort to her soul.

BLANCHE.

Hark! a noise,
As of some hasty passenger.

NYSA.

Perhaps
The rustling of the breeze, or bounding step
Of some affrighted deer.

BLANCHE.

O Heavens! 'tis he.

Y

Enter

Enter HENRIQUE.

HENRIQUE.

'Tis he, my Blanche, thy Henrique, he who
longs,
With love's impatient ardour, here to kneel,
To breathe his passion, to confirm his vows,
And strain thee to his breast. But why that
look
Of pale distraction? Why that sudden start?
And dost thou draw thy hand, thy plighted
hand,
From mine that claims it?

BLANCHE.

Nyfa, let us hence.

HENRIQUE.

No, stay, my charmer, stay. Suspend a while
The motions of resentment. Paint me not
In falsehood's varying hue. What now ap-
pears
My crime, will shew my purest innocence,
And ever constant love.

BLANCHE.

BLANCHE.

Give way. Alas !

I cannot hear thee.

HENRIQUE.

Ah ! not hear me, Blanche ;
Not hear thy fond, thy faithful Henrique ?
Can

Thy cruelty deny thy Prince the right
Which even a slave demands ? And have I lost
The power to calm thy trouble, to diffuse
The glow of pleasure o'er thy lovely cheek,
To fix thy credence in my promis'd faith ?
I who for thee, to keep my faith entire,
Hazard my crown, my life.

BLANCHE.

Thy words are vain,
Thy promise but a dream, a thing forgot,
And out of date. My doom is fix'd, my
wretchedness.

No power could bind us now.

HENRIQUE.

What wretchedness
O'erhangs thy fate? Methought I came to
 bless thee.
What means that alter'd eye, that frown of
 horror?
Oh! speak, my Blanche. Yes, surely thou
 art mine.
What ravisher dare seize my prize? What
 arm
Oppose the King? The realm shall sooner
 blaze,
Than I renounce my honour and my love.

BLANCHE.

Thy threats are useless. Know, I am not thine,
I am—Alvaro's wife.

HENRIQUE.

Mysterious Powers!
Alvaro's wife! My Blanche Alvaro's wife!
Unutterable horror! (*a short pause.*)
 Not a night
Between thy first and second vows! So soon
 Forgot?

Forgot? So soon? An hour efface whole years
Of tenderest love. O rash credulity!
It hath undone me, hath undone thyself.

BLANCHE.

Hold, wilt thou sink so low as strive to dupe
The woman thou hast wrong'd, so basely
wrong'd?

And think'st thou my credulity so strong,
As bars the eye from sight, the ear from
sound,

And reason from conviction? Shame, to edge
Such injury with insult!

HENRIQUE.

Trust me, Blanche,
Thy senses, faithful as they seem, betray'd
thee;

Nor canst thou more suspect my sacred truth,
Than question if thou art Alvaro's wife.

BLANCHE.

What! when I saw thee give that treacherous
hand

To

To Con^{stance} ! Saw thee solemnly confirm
 The Monarch's will to thy applauding court!
 And saw thy Queen, thy chosen spouse, receive
 With pride of heart their homage! Was it all
 A scene of fascination? Rather own
 The prudence of thy choice, than mock me
 thus

With palpable deceit; than still affect
 A passion now extinct, or never felt.
 Avow, the hand of Constance firmly binds
 Thy tottering crown. Avow, that Blanche
 was vain

To look so high, and thou hast humbled her.
 Yet why didst thou, ungenerous, point my
 hope

Above my poor desert, to make its fall
 More fatal? I foresaw the dire event,
 And had thy falsehood not dispell'd my fears,
 Would still have blam'd my fortune more
 than thee,

Still fix'd thy image in my patient heart,
 Nor sacrific'd my hand, but lift it up
 In prayers to Heaven for him who had re-
 sign'd it.

HEN-

HENRIQUE.

Spare, spare reproach. 'Tis error, 'tis delusion.

I am not what I seem. Yet hear—

BLANCHE.

No more.

The time is over. Let Alvaro hear thee.

I must avoid thy converse, and should blush
For this offence to honour.

HENRIQUE.

Wilt thou drive

To wild despair a Prince, whose glowing rage
Will rather fire a throne prepar'd for thee,
Than gratify his people's mad desires ?

BLANCHE.

O generous Prince, suppress this noble
phrensy.

Thy throne in flames, thy solemn oath infringing'd

To Constance, as to me, avail me nought.

Thy

Thy rage is idle. If my artless heart
Once yielded to thy snares, it breaks them
now,
And leaves this final warning to the King,
Alvaro's wife shall spurn Don Henrique's
love. *Exeunt Blanche and Nyfa.*

HENRIQUE *alone.*

Unjust, ungrateful Blanche! Is this the meed
I have so dearly purchas'd? This the fruit,
The bitter fruit of all my blooming hope?
A dream, a shadow; no, a weighty curse,
Big with impending woe. Renounce her
Prince,
Her friend, her fond protector, on whose
breast
She lean'd with sweetest confidence, to fly
With angry speed to this Alvaro's arms,
This haughty stranger.—Then 'twas he I
spar'd,
The hasty husband, he whose jealous sword
Would

Would murder in the dark. O ill-tim'd
mercy!

Her charms were unprofaned. She must
abhor

Her chosen wretch. Yes! her ensnared youth
Was made the sport of passion, made the tool
Of barbarous policy. O could his sword
Once more encounter mine.— A sudden
thought

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